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Contents

COVER DESIGN BY GRAHAM PECK

FRONTISPIECE—VERGIL, by *Arthur T. Lougee*

ANNIVERSARY, by *Arthur T. Lougee* 5

THE DUEL, by *Ring W. Lardner, Jr.* 6

Illustration by Waldron M. Ward

ORBIS TERRARUM, by *Max F. Millikan* 11

POLO 11

Illustration by Waldron M. Ward

A GINGHAM TABLECLOTH, by *Hollis Boardman Hill* 12

SMOKE RINGS, by *Graham Peck* 17

TO STUDY OR NOT TO STUDY, by *Garret W. McClung* 18

THE ATHEIST, by *Joseph H. Woodward, 2nd.* 19

HAMLET 25

Illustration by Graham Peck

CONTRAST, by *Henry Root Stern* 26

THE MAN WHO READS, by *George S. de Mare* 27

THE CONTRACT, by *George S. de Mare* 28

EDITORIAL 31

PORTRAIT 34

Illustration by Arthur Lougee



Anniversary

BY ARTHUR T. LOUGEE

O listen, Virgil, bard of Roman race,
Enthronéd now on Jove's Olymp'an mount,
To eulogies too numerous to count,
With which your dignity all countries grace.
Respond to us with understanding face,
You, whom the Muse has chosen as a fount
Of verse which now we glorify from mount
To mount, from Thrace around again to Thrace.

We fancy you the welcomed bard of gods,
Surrounded by divine, majestic frames
Of deities once pictured by your pen;
They greet you with their smiling, saintly nods,
While all the world with happy homage names
Your name, revered alike by gods and men.

The Duel

BY RING W. LARDNER, JR.

(NOTE: *The author wishes to apologize for the historical inaccuracies in the story, chief among which is the extension of the life of Henry of Guise, who was actually assassinated in the reign of Henry III. Montmorency is a purely fictitious character.*)

IT is amazing to what extent a firm conviction of right will alter the character and the ideals of a man. In wartime a perfectly normal man will commit, in the course of a day's routine, atrocities about which, in peacetime, he would read with horror. His sense of proportion and even of honor has given way to a blind adherence to duty. So it is with religious bigotry. Whenever a new faith or creed has sprung up, it has been condemned without trial and been opposed with force amounting often to barbarous cruelty by the leaders of the religion in power at the time. One example was the horrible attempt of the Romans to suppress Christianity. Another was the attempted crushing of the Protestants in the sixteenth century by the Catholics. This latter period is such a dark one in the advance of civilization and such a bloody one in the annals of history that it is with relief that one hears of a light in the darkness of war and massacre. Such a light is the story which is told by the descendants of the houses of Guise and Montmorency of the events preceding and influencing the issuing of the Edict of Nantes. Although the tale may not be true, yet it is beautiful, which perhaps matters more.

Sixteenth century France was preëminently a Catholic nation, but the seed of the Reformation had flourished in some districts, more especially in the Kingdom of Navarre in the southwestern corner of the country. Here was a refuge for Huguenots; for, although a vassal to the King of France, the King of Navarre, with

his family and his retainers, was Protestant. The city of Béarn was the protestant capital of the nation during the numerous periods of civil war and the center of Protestant life during the occasional truces.

At the time when this story begins, Navarre was being ably ruled by Jeanne d'Albret during the minority of her son, the future Henry IV of France. Here Henry spent his early youth, surrounded by a court of boys of his age whose fathers were Huguenot leaders. It was a rough existence, for the kingdom of Navarre was neither a rich nor a fertile one. One of Henry's favorite playmates was a lad by the name of Louis de Montmorency, the scion of an ancient Catholic house which had joined the Huguenots. Louis was a proud, impetuous, but likeable youth and was ideally suited to the prince's temperament because of his willingness to join any escapade or to commit any feat of daring. The boys led an ideal existence, participating in every form of exercise and wandering far in search of amusement. Sometimes they climbed mountains (for Navarre is in the Pyrenees); they hunted almost daily.

A fatal blow was struck the group when Catharine de Medici, the queen-mother of France, a cruel and crafty woman, invited Prince Henry to join the child court of the young king, Charles IX, and his brothers and sisters. Jeanne d'Albret was afraid to refuse Queen Catharine's request and so complied. But Henry refused to be separated from his friend, Louis de Montmorency, and so he went too. Here he first met Henry, heir to the house of Guise. Henry was a handsome, pleasant youth, but proud and cruel. At the time there were three great houses in France,—Valois, the reigning house, Bourbon, of which Henry of Navarre was the heir, and the house of Guise, which unofficially ruled France. The first and third were Catholic; the second had gone over to the Reformation. Perhaps the next in importance were the Montmorencies, who were related to all three. Thus the sons and heirs of all the chief families were included among the playmates of the six children of Henry II and Catharine.

A strong dislike grew up between Henry of Guise and Louis of Montmorency, which became even stronger as they grew older and was so intensified when they reached manhood that someone remarked that it took most of the time of the three kings, Charles IX, Henry III, and Henry IV, to keep the two apart. Naturally their religious differences made their enmity stronger. During the Huguenot massacre (St. Bartholomew's day, August 24, 1572) Guise sought out his enemy, but Montmorency had already fled.

When all four sons of Queen Catharine—Francis, Charles, Henry, and John—had died before the eldest of them was thirty-five, Henry of Navarre, who had strengthened his claim by marrying Princess Marguerite, was the heir to the throne. Although to gain his heritage he was forced to fight for many years and finally to abjure his faith, he finally became the recognized King of France.

Henry was a great king and as such realised the necessity of surrounding himself with intelligent and influential advisers. Both Henry of Guise and Louis of Montmorency were among these, and their relations consisted of continuous discord. Henry did his best, but the situation was a difficult one. The Catholics were urging the king to show how strong his faith was by driving out the Huguenots, and the Huguenots were reminding him that he owed his throne to their efforts and that he had been one of them. Henry of Guise and Louis of Montmorency were the chosen leaders of the two factions. With this added reason for rivalry, the state of affairs could not continue. Louis challenged his rival to a duel, but King Henry, who had passed an edict against dueling and who particularly did not want either of these two to be killed, heard of it and forbade it, placing a special guard on the trail of the would-be combatants. Finally, in despair at being watched in every move, they agreed to the king's proposal that they should swear not to break his edict, and thus had the guard removed.

It was Guise who suggested that they go across the Rhine where the royal edict would have no effect. Louis acquiesced, and the two set off as would friends on a journey, for such was the way with

men about to cut each other's throat in those times of chivalry. They crossed the German border and found themselves in a little country town, where they put up for the night. The next morning the two went off in search of a suitable spot for their encounter. On taking note of their surroundings, they saw that they were in a very small hamlet which consisted of a few houses and a large, rude, wooden building which was evidently meant to be a church. To this they came, and, looking up, read the words on a sign which had been placed before the door. Both understood the language, and together they read:

"This is the village church; all Christians welcome!"

Henry broke the silence. "What does it mean?" he asked, wondering at the peculiar inscription.

"They don't seem to have much religious trouble here," remarked Louis.

"No, you're right; they don't," came a voice from behind them; and, turning, they beheld an elderly man in nondescript dress, but obviously a priest. "Come with me," he added, and, hypnotized, they followed. He led them to one of the little, meager houses of the hamlet and invited them in. They entered, almost in a daze and with no clear idea of what they were doing. But they listened attentively to his words, which were:

"My children, you wonder at what you have just seen because it seems to imply a state of affairs which is incredible to you. I will tell you how such a condition came about. As you may have observed, this is an exceedingly small town, and there is by no means room for more than one church. Hence we have been forced to combine the two sects, the differences between which have caused so much war and strife of late, for there are here about an equal number of Catholics and Protestants. We worship in unison, we quarrel neither about ritual nor faith, we pray to neither pope nor prophet, but to God. And now, my children, I have no wish to interfere with any business you may have intended to do today."

The two dukes arose and left without even thanking their host.

After having walked in silence for five or ten minutes, the two stopped, looked each other in the face, and shook hands with that unity of spirit which comes to those who have seen a vision or undergone a revelation together.

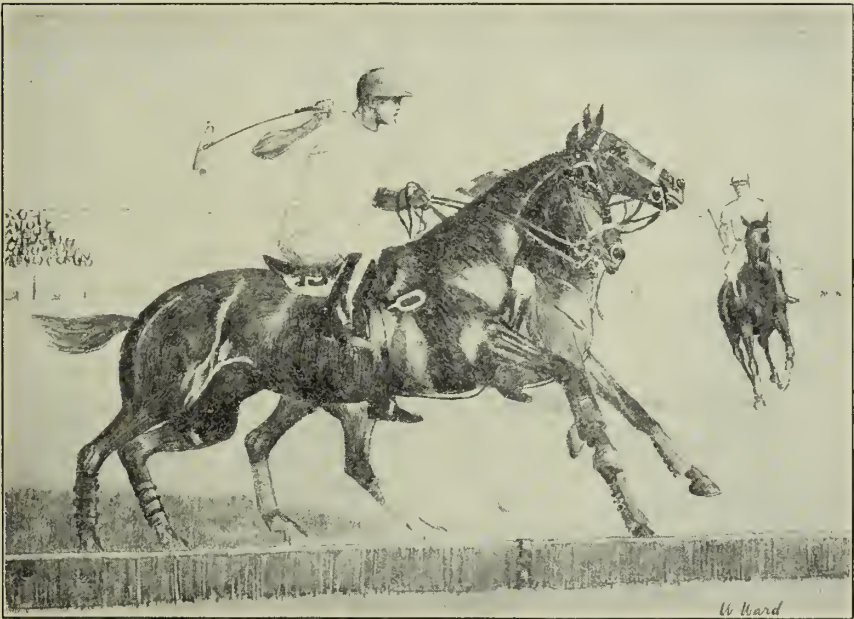


In the spring of the next year (1598) Henry IV signed the Edict of Nantes, a document which had been drawn up, although few knew it, almost entirely by those two inseparable comrades, Henry, Duke of Guise, and Louis, Duke of Montmorency. The Edict provided for the extension of many new liberties for the Protestants, and, although it was revoked a century later by Louis XIV, formed a basis for modern freedom of thought. The people rejoiced at the step and thanked their glorious and noble king; the king and those who knew the details thanked Guise and Montmorency; no one thought of the elderly German priest, who thanked God.

Orbis Terrarum

BY MAX F. MILLIKAN

I floated in a vision through vast spaces,
Eternity spread out before my view;
Above, below, huge nebulous masses moved
In infinite orbits, unrelenting, timeless,
About unmeasured suns. Sudden I spied
A tiny whirling sphere, a bit of matter,
An atom of the cosmos barely distinguishable
From billions of its kind; and as I gazed
Methought I saw strange creatures crawl about
Its minute surface, waving arms and uttering
A multitude of semi-audible squeaks.
I watched them rush about, move specks of sand,
Collide, and scurry here and there, puff up.
'Twas but a moment; the wee little globe
Went spinning off, and lazily I floated,
Laughing, toward the very bounds of time.



A Gingham Tablecloth

BY HOLLIS BOARDMAN HILL

“**A**N’ so you see there wasn’t no use of my goin’ three miles down to Stowe after that yard and a half of cloth—gingham I think it was—for Deba. Now that’s the way a woman’s mind gets going, an’ there’s no accountin’ for it. I says, ‘That’s a good table, Deba; my father ate off that most of his life an’ never made no fuss—it has a nice top, too.’ But Deba turned ’round to me as I sat there finishin’ up my eggs an’ gave me one of those looks—you know how she can look—an’ says, ‘Ebin, we are havin’ gingham on that table after this.’ That sort of settled it—so she thought, but I didn’t; an’ now that I’ve talked it over with you boys, I know I’m right. No one else here in Ceylon ever had a cloth on the eatin’ table before, an’ if Deba wants one, why I recollect we’ve still got a towel or a sheet that ain’t too holy to use.” Ebin chuckled at the wit displayed in his concluding remark and was still more pleased to find that the boys were conscious of his effort.

“Holy!—haw! I guess that’s right all right—holy!” This, in a dry, cracked tenor, came from the keeper of the “Ceylon General Store”, which had added to its title: “Dealer in Food, Clothing, and Farm Equipment”.

The room was filled with tobacco smoke which hung in constantly shifting layers. In the center of the low-beamed room hung a kerosene lamp, smoking slightly, accompanied by the usual number of odd insects which seem to be drawn, as by a lodestone, to their destruction. Beneath this, seated on one side, was Bjorny, the expressionless “dumb Swede”, helper of the store, who smoked a cheap cigarette and who confined his actions to blowing forth volumes of smoke from his nostrils and emitting an occasional grunt at the turn of the conversation. Ebin, the farmer, as he preferred

to be called, sat in an ancient rocking chair (the only one in the establishment) on the other side, while the storekeeper was perched on a counter almost facing him. These two had corn-cob pipes, the one on the counter gripping his pipe tightly and putting it at short intervals to his mouth for a few nervous puffs, the other, Ebin, laying his on the top of an empty wooden box of "Kleeno—sand soap" during the long drawn arguments and explanations which he carried on nearly alone. The proprietor did encourage him, however, guffawing when Ebin made a stab at humor; and the Swede's grunts might easily be translated into signs of approval.

But the arrival of a farmhand, who half kicked, half opened the door and entered, broke up the scene and made the smoke whirl about and disappear into the darkness at the rear of the store. Ebin arose very reluctantly from the chair which he had often mentioned as being "real comfortable for sittin'" and which, no doubt as a result, had always been vacated on his appearance. He said, "Hullo there," to the newcomer, after the manner of his countrymen, waved a sign of departure to the others, which the "dumb Swede" acknowledged in his usual way, and slowly moved out of the door. When outside, he glanced first up and then down the road, but could see little of interest, owing to the inactivity of Ceylon on Saturday evenings at about quarter to six in the early days of October. Moreover, it was getting rather dark, Ebin noticed. "Earlier every day," he thought; "It's a shame the way things are always making you go somewhere when you're perfectly comfortable right where you are. Now here it is getting dark, making me hungry, so I have to go home an' eat. Not but I always liked to eat, like Deba often says, but why do people have to keep moving places when the Lord said everyone was born free and equal—or was that in the almanac?"

Ebin entered by the kitchen door of the unpainted little colonial farmhouse which his father and grandfather had had before him. This house, so typical of its locality, had grown up in that queer progressive way which conformed to the pocketbook and architectural fancy of each successive inhabitant. First had been built the

nucleus of the rambling structure, the living quarters: the bedrooms, the "front" room, where in former days the spinning wheel had busily turned, but where now all was dark—for Ebin had felt that the room was not needed and saved heating in the winter if kept shut—and most important of all, the kitchen, the heart of the house. Then when one of the early tenants found his farm expanding and needed additional space, he built a large woodshed adjoining the kitchen at the rear; another had added to this a barn whose height far overtopped the little house. A series of chicken houses, pig sties, and other minor appendages completed the establishment, all of which now had a most needy and dilapidated appearance.

Finding Deborah (for that was the name given her by her mother, who possessed, everyone said, "a streak of liking queer things and names") bending over the wood range, Ebin pulled off his short coat and walked heavily to the stove. The contrast between the two figures standing there was remarkable. Ebin was moderately tall, but with a large waist-line and pudgy hands and cheeks which did not look exposed to the honest toil of the land worker; nor did his muscles stand out as, for instance, did those of the "dumb Swede". His wife, however, was an alert, wiry woman, whose height was not much less than her husband's, although her figure was thin and her pallid skin drawn closely to her features, which were aged by work and care far beyond her years.

For she, who was the daughter of a Welsh woman and an American sea captain, inheriting the romance of the one and the milder climatic temperament of the other, had found it hard, indeed, to make her husband feel her innate sense of beauty. Ebin had rebelled at curtains—"foolish frippery to keep women from doin' useful things," he had said. Once, but only once, she had shocked him by bursting into tears when, after she had begged him to hang his dirty farm clothing in the shed at least a dozen times, he unconsciously dumped his muddy boots, overalls, and jacket in a pile beside the kitchen stove. But then he didn't see why she should "get so het up about it."

"I'm glad we're havin' beans, Deba; my father used to say, 'Where there's plenty of baked beans, there's plenty of comfort.' But I guess I've told you that before."

"Yes, Ebin, I reckon you have. Now if you'd draw up the chairs to the table before you sit down, I'll dish up." She turned and glanced at the heavy deal table which stood against the further wall of the shabby but scrupulously clean kitchen. "Ebin, I might have known why you said you were glad we were having beans, when you know we never have anything else on Saturday nights—you didn't get that gingham. Ebin, you know how I've been trying so hard to make things pretty and homey. You know how I asked you to use that money which you got from the potatoes for painting up the house and shingling that place in the roof that leaked—and all you did was nail up some tar-paper in the attic. Most of that money you bought tobacco with and paid somebody to mow the pasture instead of doing it yourself, Ebin," she sat down, but hesitated a moment before continuing, her burning, ambitious eyes dimming, her body seeming to grow older; for an instant it appeared almost lifeless as she sat motionless in her chair, but her husband saw nothing of this and merely emptied his plate. "Ebin, was that asking too much? I'm fair, aren't I?"

He looked up, suddenly realizing that he had been asked a question. "Fair?—sure I guess you're fair all right, Deba. But it seemed to me and the boys at the store that seeing folks never had clothes on their eatin' tables before 'round here, why we could find somethin' around the house that we could use for it. And so, as I told the boys, I thought—ain't you eatin' beans nowadays, Deba? Here you haven't begun, an' I'm all through."

"I haven't been over hungry lately, Ebin; maybe it's the change in the weather. I'll get your pie."

* * * * *

There was a pencilled sign tacked on the door of the Ceylon General Store on the following Thursday, which Ebin read as he

stepped onto the low porch of that building and made his way toward the entrance. It said:

A DANCE
in Ceylon Town Hall
to-night
Music—Ice Cream—Tonic
Everybody Welcome

After he had "talked it over with the boys", Ebin went home to supper saying to himself that it was a good idea to have a little fun once in a while, not to work all the time. He told as much to his wife while he ate. She listened to all he said about dances in general and that one in particular, but it seemed scarcely related to her. And so, when he concluded with the suggestion that they both go, she replied that she guessed she wouldn't, seeing she had several things to do that evening. "But you go along, Ebin; you like it better than I do anyway," she said, continuing, "and Ebin, I guess we'll get along all right without that gingham cover for the table, so don't you worry yourself about it."

Sometime afterward Ebin confessed he had felt a little "queer" that night after he set out for the town hall. But when he arrived, the dance was just getting under way, and soon he was gleefully swinging the belles of Ceylon about, bowing and twisting through the intricacies of the Boston and Portland Fancies with all the skill and pleasure a man of his weight and bulk could, and perspiring profusely as a result of it. The wooden benches of the town hall were pushed back against the wall, making a continuous seat around the room. In one corner stood an old upright piano on which a rustic youth, whom the townspeople were wont to say had "a gift", was playing by ear, accompanied by two veteran musicians of the town, one with a violin and the other a banjo, who sawed and picked their instruments and who often so enjoyed the affair that they completely lost track of the tune. But no one appeared to notice the difference, or if they did, they could not have been in the least concerned. The dance was on—people of all sizes, ages, and dress

combined in the fun. Frequently the participants grew so warm that they were forced to stop in the middle of a dance and imbibe quantities of the "ice cream and tonic" which were dispensed in another corner. Ebin's pudgy face, in the excitement and heat of the occasion, turned a brilliant red. And when he walked part of his way home with the proprietor of the Ceylon General Store considerably later that evening, he remarked that he wasn't so sure but what "dancin' was work after all," at which the other uttered a loud cackle which stood out in the stillness of the night.

* * * * *

"Well, when I came in, there she was sittin' up to the kitchen table, doubled over, with her head on her arms, like this. You know, I kind of thought she'd fallen asleep or something from staying up so late as she wasn't used to, but when I said, 'Deba, what are you up for?' and she didn't answer, or even move, I knew somethin' was wrong because she never was a heavy sleeper. But who'd have thought she was goin' to do that." Ebin stopped and drew in a long breath of smoke from his pipe and blew it toward the dark corners of the little store, with the expression of a man confronted by a question which so bewildered him that the solution lay far beyond his grasp. His eyes, which had been staring into nothingness while his mind struggled with this too profound problem, wandered slowly back and became fixed upon the pipe in his hand, in whose bowl tiny red sparks glowed under the soft gray ashes lying above. "I guess maybe she was too artistic—her mother was," he said.

Smoke Rings

BY GRAHAM PECK

Thoughts, like cigarette smoke,
Emerge in formless curls;
In tattered loops of blue-grey mist
They rise and fade.

But sometimes smoke rings,
Small, perfect,
Enlarge to silver symmetry
Before they disappear.

To Study Or Not To Study

BY GARRET W. McCLUNG

(Profound apologies to Shakespeare)

To study or not to study: that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the end to suffer
The horrors and stings of outrageous non-ex,
Or to take measures against a sea of lessons,
And by studying conquer them. To study; to pass;
No more; and by passing we think we end the
Lessons and the thousand inhuman grades
The profs give us: 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To concentrate, to work,
To work, perchance to pass, ay, there's the rub;
For in the grip of probation what thoughts may come,
When we have so disgraced ourselves,
Must make us pause. There's the respect
That makes non-ex of so long life.
For who would stand the strain and wear of time;
The pangs of Latin, the tortures of geometry,
The insolence of profs, the faculty's delay, and the spurs
That patient pupils of the unworthy masters take,
When he himself might his exodus make
With a mere eight cuts? Who would studies bear,
To grunt and sweat under this weary life,
But that the dread of something after Andover,
Those unknown quantities of schools from whose doors
No students emerge, puzzles our wills;
And makes us rather bear these lessons that we have
Than turn to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And so our new found resolutions
Are conquered over by the casting of thought,
And enterprises of great mein and proportion
With this knowledge their ideas turn away,
And are thought no more.

The Atheist

BY JOSEPH H. WOODWARD, 2nd

THE most pitiful story known to humanity is the mental decline of a man. When an individual socially declines, he automatically degenerates mentally. It, indeed, requires a very great personality to withstand an environment; but it requires a genius to create an environment.

Michael St. Jean was born in the great ancestral home of the St. Jeans, the only child of one of England's most illustrious families, whose ancestry dated to the days of the Norman conquest. And now the responsibility of carrying on that distinguished line lay in the hands of one child. The beautiful and haughty Mrs. St. Jean had died shortly after the birth of her only child, thus leaving the care of the boy to his somewhat eccentric father.

Young Michael was never allowed to associate with boys his own age, but lived his protected and isolated life in the company of tutors and erudite elders. He was by nature a silent, observant youth given to dreaming and musing. His sole out-of-doors diversion was riding horseback through the manor park which surrounded the age-old house. Michael's only glimpse of the world which lay beyond the moss-covered wall around the park was obtained by peering through the great wrought-iron gate at the passing crowds on the highway. He was quite as innocent of life as that French Queen who, upon being informed that the people had no bread to eat, asked why they did not eat cake. His world was the many-gabled old manor house; his universe the walled in estate.

Until the age of fifteen, Michael had been tutored daily by men of the same vintage as the weather-stained marble of the garden fountain. He was taught two things by these venerable men,—blind religious belief and Stoicism. The first was demanded by the elder St. Jean; the second was instilled into him by contact. The

father desired that the sole survivor of his line accept his faith quite as blindly as he, when a youth, had accepted his father's. Monotheism was the axiom upon which his religious studies were based. The boy showed a marked interest in the classics, but refused to study mathematics. When he had reached fifteen, however, the elder St. Jean was prevailed upon to send his son to the public school which the St. Jeans had attended for generations.

There Michael remained for three years in comparative oblivion. Yet the tall, solemn, strong-featured youth was observing. He was not brilliant in his scholastic work, but that could not be expected from a student who spent most of his time reading history and biography. At the end of three years, nevertheless, he received permission to enter Oxford. When he left his public school, few noted his absence, and none missed him. Such was the personality of Michael St. Jean, scholar and Stoic.

After a short sojourn at Oxford, he found that those strange doubts which had assailed his mind at public school were now increasing and steadily becoming more complex. The fact that our great and just God allowed some of his people to be happy and opulent and others to be in abject poverty and wretchedness was beginning to appear insolvable. And why was it that some of his agnostic schoolmates could reap the many fruits of close comradeship, while he, who said his prayers and attended church regularly, was destined to remain comparatively isolated and in oblivion?

At length he made the acquaintance of Peter Jell, a youth of lower social standing but of equal, if not superior, mentality. Peter was attracted to the silent youth because of his stolid and thoughtful countenance. The two men were of such entirely different personalities that these very differences attracted both. Peter was well travelled and had the ability to put forth his adventures in a highly imaginative fashion; Michael, on the other hand, had never travelled and by nature was silent and a good listener. The two formed that strongest bond known to mankind,—friendship based on mental equality and sympathetic understanding. The youths became in-

separable in time. They consulted each other on all occasions and matters. When finally the subject of religion was broached, Michael found to his horror that Peter was an atheist, an atheist whose non-belief was founded not on a passing fancy or a fad but upon apparently logical and deep thought. Peter was a fluent orator, and his arguments, while not always sound, were usually convincing. Michael came to lose his blind faith bit by bit and quite unconsciously as he listened to the damning evidence put forth by his sophisticated friend. In time he lost all faith in the monotheistic axiom which he had been taught and admitted that man was but one of nature's blunders, and at best ephemeral and transient. This slow breaking down of a firmly rooted ideal was not accomplished in a day, and the complete conversion did not come until their last year at Oxford.

The last vacation before final examinations was at hand. The two friends separated to visit their homes before recontinuing their work. When about half the vacation was over, Michael received a message that Peter was seriously ill and that he wished to see him. Michael found upon his arrival that his friend was indeed in a critical condition. After two days of nervous anxiety, his ailment became worse. One morning about three o'clock a servant knocked upon St. Jean's door and begged that he hasten to Mr. Jell's room. The patient seemed feverish and excited and wished to talk to his friend. Michael saw the drawn countenance of Peter by the flickering candle-light, and a lump came into his throat. Peter was obviously dying. Slowly he opened his eyes, and with a ghostly attempt at smiling, said in a small, husky voice, "Ego mortui te saluto."

"Ah, no, Peter old man, it's only your imagination; you're really looking better now than you did when I bade you good-night." Michael's Stoicism was entirely gone now, and tears were streaming down his cheeks.

"I have something to tell you; come closer," said the unearthly and far-away voice of Peter. "Michael, you are my only friend;

therefore you must believe what I am saying." Here he stopped to get his breath. The husky voice began again, "We only live once, then all is gone, even the body eventually. Yes, I know I am dying, and I hate to die. Come closer, Michael. You have said that you wished to see life. Well, since we live but once, I hope you will carry out my wish and by doing so gain your own. To see the world and its beauties you must see them through the eyes of a vagabond. Go into the world a vagabond, Michael, and live!" The voice stopped from the sheer exhaustion of utterance.

"You must not talk so much, Peter, or . . ."

"No, no, let me finish before it is too late. Michael, I put you on your word of honor as a gentleman and an Englishman to see that the following be my epitaph: 'Here lies the body, the soul, the spirit, the mind, the man, Peter Jell.' And let that be all, no dates, no quotations. That is my wish." Peter closed his eyes and gasped for air. The only sound audible in the misty light of early dawn was the sputtering of the candles and the rasping of the dying man's breathing. His eyes suddenly opened, and a convulsed shudder of agony shook the frame of Peter. His eyes were pleading and afraid. He slowly relaxed in the arms of his dearest friend and his lips moved as if to say, "I am afraid," but no sound escaped except a husky rattle; then that ceased. At just that moment the first ray of sunlight cast its reflection upon Peter's pale but calm countenance. A new day born, a young life expired, the ephemerality of life and the continuity of the universe personified.

* * * * *

Thirty years later, a tall, spare man with bowed head and shoulders walked idly about the town of Oxford. The spring vacation was in progress, and the students were all away. The man seemed to be familiar with his surroundings. While he was wandering about in New College, he passed the chapel and heard from within the music of an organ softly playing. The strong-featured face of the shabbily clothed man lit up momentarily; then the hard lines around the eyes and mouth contracted to their usual fixed-

ness. The sun was just going down when the man hastened to a side entrance of the chapel and quietly entered. He bared his iron grey head and sat in the last pew. Vespers were being held, and a few of the townspeople were seated in the forward pews, as motionless as the saints on the ancient stained glass windows. At length the organ ceased. For a moment there reigned supreme a deep and expectant silence; then a rustle of garments was faintly heard, and an old man mounted the pulpit. He surveyed his congregation for a moment, and then began to quote in a deep and mellow tone:

“The royal feast was done; the King
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried, ‘Sir Fool,
Kneel now and make for us a prayer.’

“The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

“He bowed his head and bent his knee
Upon the monarch’s silken stool;
His pleading voice arose, ‘Oh, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool.

“’Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, Oh, Lord, we stay;
’Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

“These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heartstrings of a friend.

“Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, Oh Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!”

“The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
‘Oh, God, be merciful to me, a fool.’”

As the last words of the ancient man echoed from the high-arched, age-old chapel, a silence deep as night itself fell. The organ began to play, so softly at first that the ear could scarcely catch the sound; then it ceased as quietly as it had begun. The people bowed their heads; the venerable man extended his arms toward heaven and said the benediction: “Oh, God, be merciful to us, fools.”

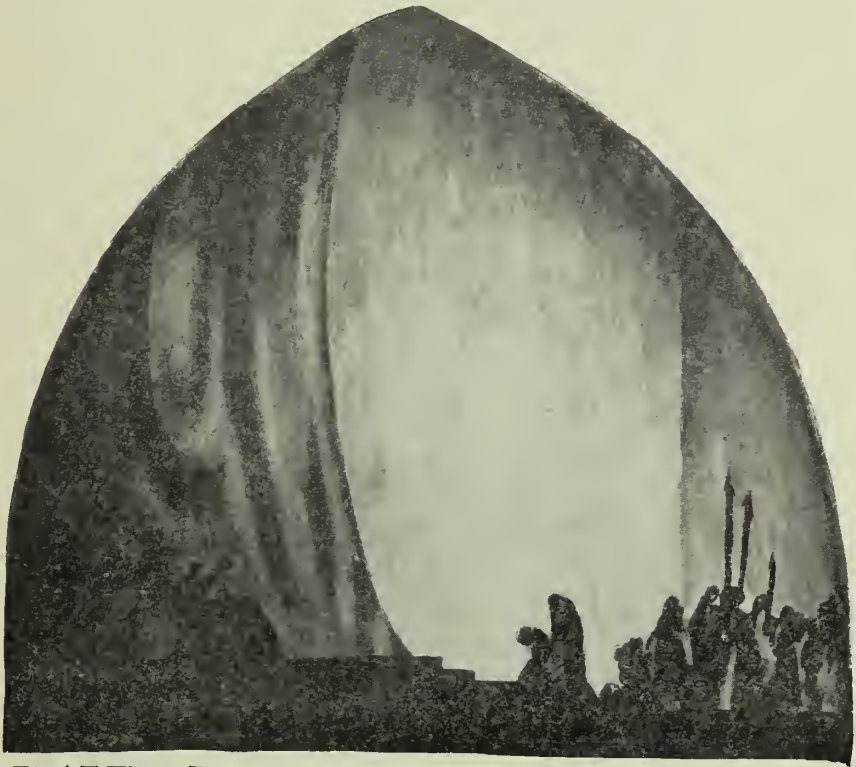
The strong-featured man in the last pew departed as quietly as he had come,—just another shadow within the ancient walls. The man had brought only his body into the chapel; he departed with a soul.

A shabby, stoop-shouldered figure stood before a grave in the Oxford churchyard. The gravestone was almost hidden by a vagrant ivy vine. The vine had obliterated the epitaph all but the words, “Here lies the body”, and below that, “Peter Jell”. The rest was hidden. The same knotted and garlanded hand which had traced the hard lines about the eyes and mouth of Michael St. Jean had eradicated forever the atheism of Peter Jell. The hand of Time knows no man.

“Peter, old fellow, I believe that you knew in that one fleeting instant before death that which I have sought for thirty years, only to find it where I abandoned it. Peter, all great and wise men have a religion; the great never know what it is, and the wise never tell.”

The MIRROR

The bowed head of the living and the silent reminder of the dead were almost indistinguishable in the twilight. A gentle wind of early spring rustled the ivy leaves of one and fanned the iron-grey hair of the other.



HAMLET

ACT I SCENE II

Contrast

BY HENRY ROOT STERN

THE heavy, August moon hung like burnished gold against the ebony background of the silver-studded sky. A soft breeze sighed through the stately elms, moved drowsily the leaves of the portly oaks, and rustled through the hampered silver of the sentinel poplars. The lilies in the garden waltzed gracefully to its music; the roses by the house nodded their heads to its gentle rocking; the clover in the fields rippled and dimpled under its caress. The brook tumbled down its way in dancing cascades like some magic, uncorked wine, bubbling, glistening. Fascinating smells of still-warm earth, of flowers—mystifying, intriguing scents — hung over the fields, carrying with them the glory and beauty of the summer. The incessant drone of the locusts in the trees, the faint hoots of a distant owl, the padding of animals on nocturnal expeditions blended into a paeon of joy at living. Distant lights shone like fireflies, vainly trying to penetrate the blackness. Silence.

* * * * *

Faint grey appeared on the horizon to the east. Black turned to purple, and purple clouds scudded across the heavens leaving behind a dome of transparent blue. The sun arose; its brilliant rays pierced the early morning mist, shone out on the housetops, the green of the fields and hedges. Birds sang; bees started their early morning rounds; flowers opened to receive the sun's morning blessing. The brook kept up its incessant chatter. The elms stood straighter, the oaks openly admired themselves, and the poplars stood erect at attention. Cows mooed lustily in pastures; dogs barked in distant farm-yards; roosters crowed pompously. The burnt-orange and purple of the clover danced; the lilies bowed ceremoniously to everything; the roses coquetted with the self-important hollyhocks. Activity.

Man Who Reads

BY GEORGE S. DE MARE

They pass him slowly, one by one:
Dreams, bits of life, and strange old things;
They take him to far places and vast worlds;
They show him shadowy temples built for kings,
Where murder, treachery, and violence were begun;
And where in solemn quietness, in holy peace,
The great works of the world were wrought and done;
Where monarchs walked in grandeur to the throne,
Where monks in hallowed glory paced alone;
All, all in this dim world of shades he sees.

He feels the icy clutch of sudden fear;
He knows the lasting taste of holy joy;
And then the world unfolds before his eyes
And shows each secret thought that men enact,
Each deep impulse that lifts men to the skies,
And every lowly bent that drags him to the depths.
He is the dreamer and the man who reads,
Who understands what other men have thought,
And so perceives the creatures God has wrought;
He sees them all. He is the man who reads.

The Contract

BY GEORGE S. DE MARE

PARKER had not done a lick of work for almost a year, and consequently he was a revolting sight. He stood about five feet ten inches tall, was unpleasantly plump, and looked as if he were about to collapse. He shambled along, hardly moving his feet. The only interesting thing about him was his face, not handsome, but very striking. His features looked as if they had been badly pasted on; his complexion was of an earthy color: his eyes, a curious contrast, were deep-set and narrowed as if from pain or concentration. He seemed to be suffering under an immense strain—and indeed he was, as this story will show.

In his youth (about eleven months before), Davis Parker had been a strong man. He stood six feet, was broad-shouldered, muscular, good-looking, and moderately happy. What he lacked most was money. Like so many young men of his kind, he received an allowance and did little work except play tennis, golf, football, swim, and perform in amateur theatricals.

One day Davis's uncle, whose health had been failing of late, died. Although the old man had been his only source of income since his parents' death, Davis could not help feeling that this was a fortunate occurrence as he was the only heir to his uncle's riches. The two had never been on good terms, for Old Man Parker considered his nephew a depraved waster and disliked him intensely.

When the will was opened, those of us at the reading were amazed to hear the following:

"I, Walter Hays Parker, leave and bequeath in its entirety my estate, real and personal, to my nephew, Davis Hall Parker, on the following condition: that the aforesaid Davis Parker do no work of any kind, whether mental or physical, for the space of one year. This includes exercising, walking more than two standard city blocks

a day, riding, dancing, or exerting the muscles in any way. Mental work includes reading, writing, or the production of any creative thing that would show mental effort.

"Should this condition be broken in the smallest detail, all my possessions plus the allowance now accorded to Davis Parker shall be distributed as follows: . . . etc. . . . etc.

"The judges into whose hands this, my dying command, is committed are. . . . etc. . . . etc. . . ."

The will went on to enumerate a group of the hardest, most tight-fisted old bankers I knew and with them me, Davis's best friend.

We fell silent at the conclusion of this document, and all eyes turned toward Parker, who sat very quiet. How the old fellow must have chuckled, thinking up his little joke! Then I realized Parker had risen; his face was flushed, but he spoke slowly and soberly:

"Gentlemen," he said, "just a word about my uncle. . . or, no . . . I will not profane the dead; he has already profaned himself and every human feeling in this will. Gentlemen, I have decided to accept this condition. Two days from today I shall begin."

I rushed over to him.

"Don't be crazy, Davis; you can't do that! we'll contest the will, prove the old man was mad when he wrote it. . . ."

At that one of the judges rose:

"I can't figure Parker's idea in making that condition, but you can count on it he wasn't crazy then or at any other time; he was one of the soundest men I knew."

Still I urged.

"Davis, you don't realize the significance of what you are doing!"

He smiled at my distress.

"I'm going to fight it out. I won't give the old man, even though he's dead, the satisfaction of winning. I'll see it through."

Parker started out very well, but it was pitiful to see his superb body degenerate. He grew pale and his muscles softened; he suffered terrifically from boredom. After two months he began to

drink, and a plague of boils gripped him. The doctor who examined him prescribed exercise—lots of it. You should have seen Parker on hearing this; the poor wretch screamed and fell into a dead faint.

The days staggered into weeks, the weeks tottered into months, and still he kept doggedly on. Then he became a morphine addict and tried to avoid us. His body was broken; he was a defiled wreck. The pasty color of his face grew more pronounced. It was relieved only by the magnificent eyes, which pain and horror had brightened, and the terrible but grand brow deeply marked with the lines of hell.

He had one month to go before the contract expired, and it seemed to give him hope. His features gained steadiness, the desolation lifted from his eyes, a little spark of hope shone in them. Now he had to fight back to life. He diluted the morphine, a desperate effort to throw off the craving. I watched the agony in his face and wondered how a man could stand so much. Deep purple rings shadowed his eyes, and iron lines welded his mouth.

The day his contract expired we gathered to congratulate him. We all sat silent, young men grown old by the sight of pain. As he entered, we rose. He lowered his head in recognition and shambled over to a chair placed for him. A silence fell. Then he rose again, a sobering contrast to the young fellow who had spoken there a year ago.

“Gentlemen,” he began in a low husky voice, “I told you a year ago that I would not profane the dead,—look at me, look what that devil has done—”

He continued in a rising voice.

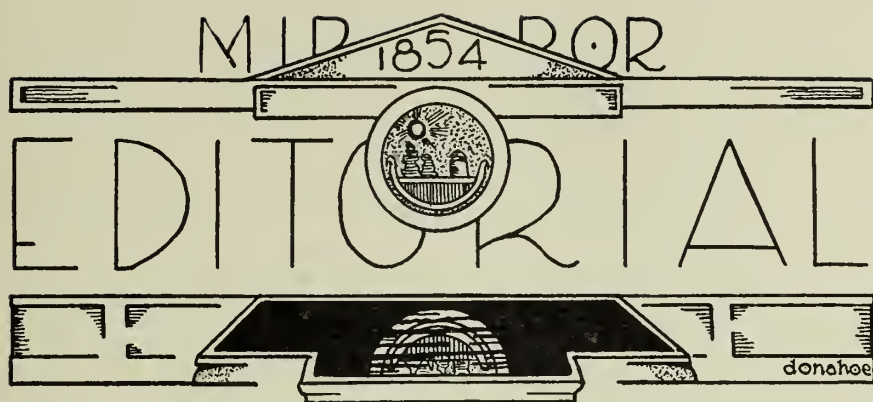
“No, I shall not profane him in words, but I stand, a curse to his foul dust, an execration to his god-forsaken, disgusting. . . .!”

Here he choked, but regaining composure went on more calmly:

“I am sorry for this outburst, gentlemen, but I had something vastly important to say to you. This is the day of my freedom, my chance for a new life, my. . . .”

He stopped suddenly and gasped. A convulsion seized him; his bright eyes dulled, and with a groan he fell.

When we reached him he was dead.



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THE history of the MIRROR since the time of its inception in 1854 is one of a constant endeavor to stimulate literary interest and to promote initiative in writing among the students of Phillips Academy. In 1924, due possibly to reduced interest, but more probably to a lack of sufficient encouragement, the MIRROR was discontinued. Last year, however, a group of students who felt that, in spite of its previous failure, there was a real place for a literary magazine in school life, justified their belief by publishing four successful issues. This present number marks yet another turning point in the life of the magazine. For to those in school last year, the MIRROR was not a revival but an innovation possessing all the interest of a novelty. Now that the newness of the thing has worn off, it must prove its mettle by reinstating itself as an established institution. It is the firm belief of the present editors that the MIRROR is something more than a passing whim of the school, and they are counting upon the student body to substantiate this belief.

We trust that the weaknesses and flaws in this issue will stimulate many to better the magazine through contributions of their own, for it is only by constantly increasing the number of contributors that it can hollow out for itself a permanent niche among school publications.

* * * * *

“The following are suggested for dining room mottoes:

‘God helps those who help themselves.’

‘Waste not your precious moments here

In idle hope of things to come.’”

But as Father Time will so deceive us, the preceding lines we found in the forefather of this magazine, published nearly forty years ago. It is indeed with great interest that we peruse the works of those whom it is now often said lived in the “good old days”. How much truth there is in that time worn phrase will yet be a subject for debate between father and son, but we can, at least, observe and comment.

The MIRROR of '91 contains a representative group of stories, articles, and poems displaying the general characteristics of the writings of loyal Andoverians of four decades past. It appears to us that these bits of work were of a far more scholastic type than those of the present day. A student republican of this period writes: “The oppressed and misgoverned nations of the world are looking to us; the fate of untold millions is in our hands. Shall we, with a careless, criminal disregard of this trust, go on to selfish greed of wealth and power, or shall we meet and be true to our duty? To strengthen and perpetuate republican government, the great and final need is *men*.” This, we are tempted to say, may have been true in 1891, but how now when our conservative Quaker state expresses herself as Democratic and wet. We are afraid that this writer, who, speaking of the Republican party, concludes, “Upheld by patriots of noble mind and character, and guided by the ruler of nations, impregnable it shall stand, forever,” may have become a bit cynical in later years.

A glance at "Dialogue of the Muses" fills us with a sense of awe at the knowledge of the classics and the familiarity with mythology which these youthful writers possessed. This poem, written in a very lofty vein and three and a half pages in length, certainly does not find a parallel in the Andover of 1930. To quote:

"The silent heavens spread their twilight gray;
The distant landscape fades in deepening gloom,
And night is on the hills; the forests sleep.

* * * * *

... Ah, look! behold! On high
Long trains of golden cars, with flying steeds,
And countless banners floating to and fro,
Descend upon a purple sea of flame."

In reading these and many others and comparing them with the present magazine, the MIRROR editors feel very much like the little old lady who, when she found her petticoat had been cut off, said, "Can this be I?" But in conclusion let us say that we find great consolation in reading in an old MIRROR an advertisement of a certain "acid phosphate" concerning which a devotee writes, "Very beneficial to strengthen the intellect." We wonder if this does not explain away our doubts.

* * * * *

Feeling that artistic ability is often expressed through the medium of photography, the MIRROR has been contemplating the publication of a few good photographs in each issue. All students who are interested in this field are urged to send in contributions. Perhaps a word as to the kind of photographs desired would not be amiss. The chief requisite is that the photograph be an artistically good picture of an object, not a picture of an artistically good object. For instance, Samuel Phillips Hall is a beautiful building; but unless a photograph of it should be taken from a carefully calculated angle which would produce good proportion, a pleasing pattern of lines, and a well-balanced distribution of light and dark,

the photograph would be a poor one. Then there is the matter of landscapes. A landscape, in the original, is magnificent because of its blended colors and the sense of space it conveys. However, when it is reduced in a photograph to a small scale and robbed of all its color, it loses all the beauty it could possibly have had. In landscapes, too, there must, therefore, be elements of design and proportion, provided perhaps by an interesting foreground or pattern of clouds. All these objections, however, scale down to this one point: a photograph must be good in proportion, line, and shading, and must not be merely a detailed representation of an object.



*“After exercising, they feasted;
after the feast came music.”*

When Dull Film Covers Sparkling Teeth Smiles Lose Fascination

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CONSTANTLY new theories are advanced as to the cause of tooth decay. Some authorities say it's germs. Others believe it's faulty diet. And the rest hold it a combination of the two.

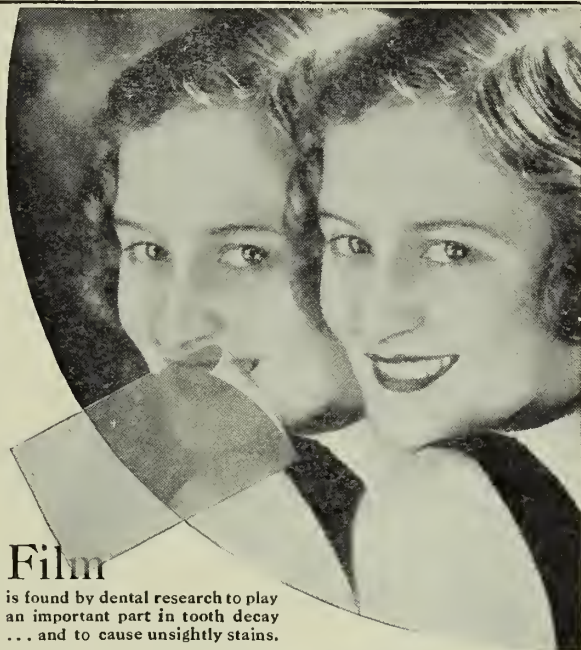
But one thing is positively known: wherever trouble and decay appear, *germs are always present*. Thus ridding teeth of germs is the first thing to do to keep teeth strong and healthy.

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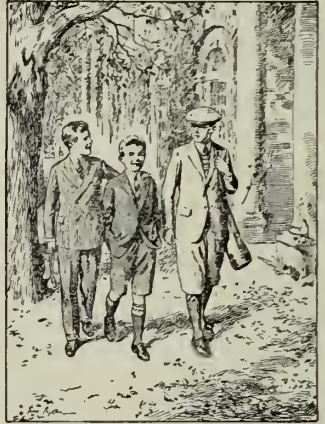
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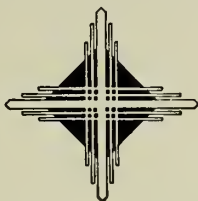


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PHOTOGRAPHER

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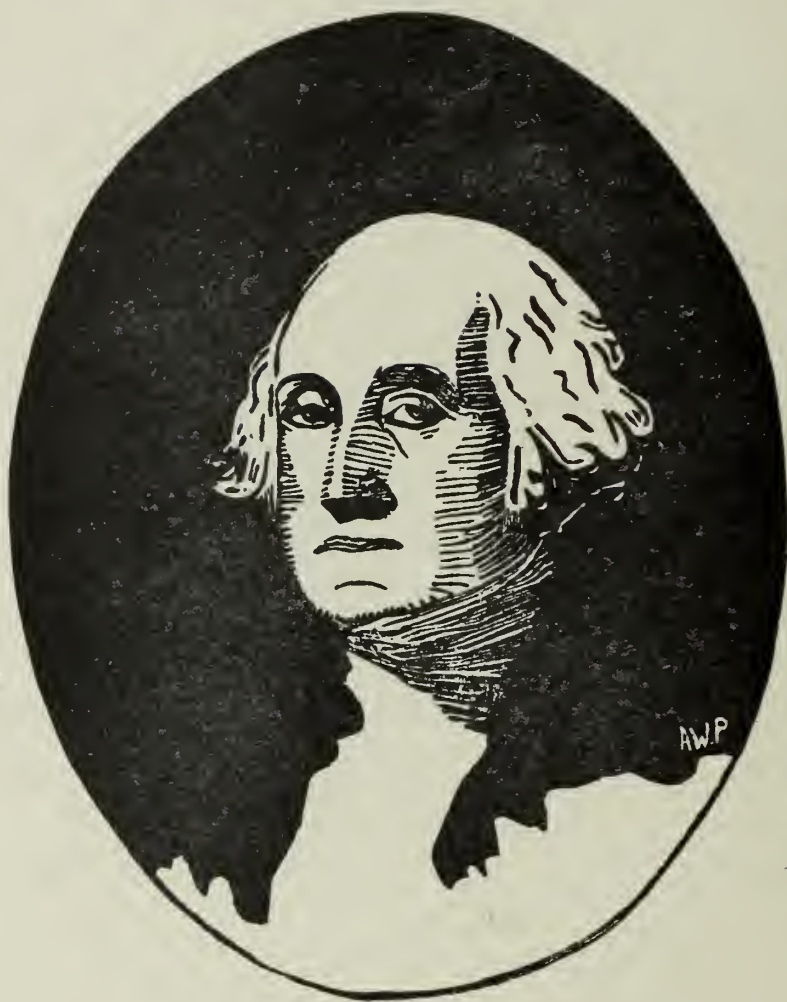
Vol. LXXII No. 2

March, 1931

Contents

COVER DESIGN BY ARTHUR LOUGEE

FRONTISPIECE—WASHINGTON	4
<i>Linoleum cut by A. Wells Peck</i>	
DERELICT, by Joseph H. Woodward, 2nd	5
CANADA GEESE	8
<i>Pencil Sketch by Waldron M. Ward</i>	
MOVIE HEROES, by Arthur Lougee	9
BOX TURTLE, by Lucius T. Wing	11
IT MAY HAVE BEEN PLANNED, by Lorimer Robey	12
OUT OF THE WASTEBASKET, by Ring Lardner, Jr.	17
LANDSCAPE	20
<i>Photograph by John Batten</i>	
THE CONCLUSION, by J. B. Rowland	21
A VISION, by W. Beach	26
A SWEET GIRL, Anonymous	27
DANCE HALL, by W. Beach	28
EDITORIAL	29
BOOKS	
WOLSEY, by Hilaire Belloc	
Reviewed by Kevin McNerney	31
SHEPHERDS IN SACKCLOTH, by Sheila Kaye-Smith	
Reviewed by Robert P. Griffing, Jr.	32
ANGEL PAVEMENT, by J. B. Priestly	
Reviewed by Kevin McNerney	34
THE MYSTERIOUS UNIVERSE, by Sir James Jeans	
Reviewed by Lyman Spitzer, Jr.	35



Derelict

BY JOSEPH H. WOODWARD, II

HUMAN LIFE, like human destiny, consists of those chronologically arranged little accidents which occur between birth and death. However, a muddling of the chronology of those little accidents constitutes a human tragedy.

The low-flying clouds filled the air with cold, grey, driving mist. The lights in the buildings which surround Central Park sent varicolored and cheerful little beams into the cheerless dusk. The trees, devoid of foliage, swayed and whined to the rhythm of the gusty wind, and let fall from their bared boughs spasmodic drops of rain which were flung, unseen, into the gloom like the souls of men. The work of the great city was done for that day, and the chaotic babel had subsided to a suppressed murmur,—the last sigh of a fast dying day.

He sat upon a bench, alone and far away,—a human derelict, a harmless bit of refuse upon the waves of the ocean of life. The iron-grey hair under the battered felt hat bespoke his share of the miseries of existence. The hard lines in his high, well-shaped forehead and about his mouth, deeply furrowed and chiseled there by the ruthless hand of time, evidenced the unkind judgment of the Fates. The blue-green eyes were deeply set and wide apart. Their whites were a blood-shot yellow, the gift of a habit unrestrained. The mouth was large and the lips full; yet the corners drooped and formed a bitter smile. Once the chin had been prominent and the jaw strong, but now they sagged and were weak.

The coat of faded blue he wore might once have fitted him, but now it hung loosely upon the wreck of a once magnificent figure. He had no top coat. The knees of his time worn trousers were frayed like the elbows of his coat. The trousers were worn, not from kneeling, but from a constant flight from the eyes of his fellow man. The shoes upon his feet were mere ornaments; they concealed his feet from the eye but did not protect them from the elements.

Who was he? Whence had he come? It matters little. He sat so motionless upon the park bench that as the gloom deepened into night he seemed to merge into the wooden form of the bench and become indigenous to his dreary surroundings. He held within his hands, as though reading, a newspaper. In the gathering darkness the only legible print upon the page was a glaring headline, "VETS TO BE HONORED ON ARMISTICE DAY". The newspaper bore the date November 10, 1930. The yellow blood-shot eyes of the man looked not at the paper but through it into that ephemeral fabric which we call the past. He was seeing through the now blue-green and yellow blood-shot eyes of his mind what he once had seen through the crystal clear eyes of youth.

He was in France. He was marching, marching, marching, and forever marching into a land of endless mud. Again he heard the first shrieking shell pass over his head. He felt again the same nausea and the same unreal, chaotic emptiness of his belly. His hands grew cold and clammy with sweat. He stood once more in a ditch-like trench, with bayonet fixed, waiting, waiting, waiting an eternity for zero hour. He heard the explosion of distant bursting shells,—the barrage before death. A whistle blew; men shouted; a terrible and paralyzing fear gripped him. What was he to find out there in that field of shell-holes, barbed-wire, rocket flares, and dead men? He hesitated, a feverish but silent prayer upon his lips and the age old instinctive fear of death clutching his soul and body; then from the watery and polluted trench he climbed, like a rat scrambling from a flooded sewer. He felt again that all consuming fear and terror which had drawn his belly into a knot and his brain into a point of fire. Amid bursting shells, he saw the man on his right suddenly stand erect, then slowly sink to earth and lay silent and motionless. A moment later he saw the man on his left drop his rifle, spin around, and falling clasp both hands to a gaping hole in his side. The man screamed as only men in the agony and fear of death can scream. He heard the man cry out to an unhearing and unheeding God to kill him. Why had he been spared? The thought frightened him. He felt his pants catch upon a piece of wire. He looked down; it had not been wire but a machine gun bullet. He

felt the warm blood go sliding down his leg; there was no pain, only that chaotic emptiness. He stumbled, his head spun, he tried to get up; then slowly the noise and the lights grew fainter and fainter until oblivion covered the earth with wings of velvet black.

He remembered having awakened to feel a cool hand upon his torrid brow, a throbbing and dull ache in his leg, and contentment in his weary body. He was so exhausted that he did not open his eyes. He heard a bird singing and the motor of an automobile. He remembered again the French general who pinned a medal on his breast and kissed his cheeks. Again he felt the thrill of an American officer placing a medal upon his chest and saluting him. Again he marched through the Arc de Triomphe while the world went wild with joy. He saw the Statue of Liberty and cheered until he cried. He was marching up Broadway to the rhythm of a million beating hearts. Again he was living in the golden hours of his victorious home-coming. For a moment the blue-green, yellow blood-shot eyes narrowed, and the lines about his mouth became hardened forming a cynical smile. The man was recalling his gradual loss of interest in the present and the future, his inability to meet new and changing circumstances, and the eventual and inevitable desire to go far away from the eyes of his fellow man and from the present. He knew now that he was one of those doomed individuals who lack the power of adaptation to changing conditions and circumstances. He was a soldier in the legion of men who cannot fit in. A cruel and cold gust of wind tore the paper from his grasp and flung it into the night. The derelict knew it not; he was living his life a second time in the land where all men are emperors.

* * * * *

Two doctors stood over a cot in a city hospital. Between them lay a bit of human flotsam and jetsam. The younger doctor was saying, "Yes, about midnight last evening. Looked like he was asleep, the cop said. He's held out longer than I thought he would."

"Queer about those medals he had in his hand," said the older doctor, "I wonder where he got them? By the way, we are supposed to keep a two minute silence today at eleven. I guess they'll blow the whistle."

The younger doctor, taking a watch from his pocket, grasped the wrist of the dying man. As the physician counted the weak and irregular pulsations of a once mighty heart, a whistle rent the air,—a tense silence fell. At the end of the two minutes, the younger doctor said, "He died just as the whistle blew; so the report ought to have eleven A. M. as the time when he died and exposure as the cause of death. Nope, he didn't have any marks of identification on him except those two bogus medals."

"Yes, I suppose he is just another bum who has hopped his last freight West. What's all that noise about down below?"

"Oh, that damned Armistice parade. If people would stop celebrating wars, there wouldn't be so many to celebrate. If they'd only quit talking about the war, everybody would forget it, even the men who fought it."



Movie Heroes

BY ARTHUR LOUGEE

A double barrelled shotgun's nose
Is pointed from the screen.
There is no consternation, though,
In row T, seat thirteen.
Its occupant, heroic, says,
His noble brow serene,
"I'll risk defeat from you, you rat,
And get just what I mean.
You'd better keep your distance; come
No nearer than that scene!"
And vict'ry thus is safely won
In row T, seat thirteen.



The MIRROR

Niagra's massive body looms
In crouching, rushing flow.
It's threatening destruction to
Five Orchestra—first row!
But wait, a hero in disguise,
In steady voice and low,
Speaks up, "Hold back, ye mighty flood,
And fall not here below!"
And thus, with calm assurance, he
Has stayed the roaring foe.
Again is vict'ry garnered in
Five Orchestra—first row.



A wondrous siren is now screened,
Who beacons at the feet
Of that outstanding hero in
Row C, the seventh seat.

But seducing him is hardly such
An easy, simple feat.
He says, "Begone, you little witch,
Although you're very sweet,
My purity makes me abstain."
And by this brave defeat,
Another victory is won
By Row C, seventh seat.

The heroes are not all upon
That sparkling silver screen;
For those within the audience
Are just as bold and keen.
They conquer villains, nature, love,
Remain, throughout, serene.

Box Turtle

BY LUCIUS WING

I stubbed my toe as I was trudging o'er
A marly crust, and, stooping, I could tell
Fragments of turtle, whom it once befell
To flounder on that old Triassic shore.
Down to the woods I bent my steps once more.
I spied it gnawing mushrooms in the dell;
'Gainst my approach it hissed and closed its shell,
A turtle on the sodden forest floor.
"Persistent beast," I mused, and touched each plate
Of horn and the hard belly under both
Gnarled pairs of limbs, "but thou withal hast shown
Thyself not man. Oh what could compensate
For fifty million years of brutish sloth,
Incarcerated in a box of bone?"

It May Have Been Planned

BY LORIMER ROBEY

FROM whence he came no one knew, but the fact remained he was there—a small mite of a boy, who sat on the bridge and sang. His voice could be heard, loud and clear, above all the noise of the cars and trucks as they rumbled over the bridge from early morn till late at night. Every day he came and sat on the railing of the great steel structure that spanned the busy river and sang. Passersby stopped and listened, marvelling at the musical talent of this unknown singer, who at the utmost could not have been more than twelve years of age. It was unnecessary for him to ask for a few pennies at the conclusion of his songs, for people readily gave him small change as their method of showing appreciation of this extraordinary gift. Some of the songs he sang were American tunes, but the greater part were Italian folk songs, which he sang in his beautiful mother tongue.

One murky night in the spring of 1915 he was present at his chosen throne, and although he had no audience, as the street was practically deserted, he was singing. After concluding two songs, he was preparing to go, when a man who had all the earmarks of a vagrant approached the boy and asked him to sing for him. Always willing to oblige, the young prodigy seated himself, and half closing his eyes began *O Sole Mio*. The man listened for a moment, then suddenly seized the boy's proceeds for the day and started to make off with them. The boy made an attempt to stop him, but was rudely pushed back with a shove that threw him off his balance and sent him hurtling down to the black waters of the river beneath. As fate would have it, a skiff was passing at the moment, and it picked up the small body of the boy, his back badly wrenched from the fall. When he regained consciousness, he found himself in a small bunk in the cabin of the skiff. Bending over him was the skipper of the boat, one of those weatherbeaten old tars of Scotch and Irish parentage who are so rarely found in the days of motor driven ships.

He was taken to a hospital and cared for, while every other day the skipper would come to see him, each time bringing something for him. When the boy was questioned, he gave no name or address, saying he had accidentally fallen off the bridge while closing his little money box. Although in six months he was able to walk with some difficulty, the doctors all knew he would never again be able to take part in any work or play requiring physical strength. When this news was imparted to him, he did not flinch in the least, however deeply the sad news may have hurt him. Once he was able to get around again, the old skipper took charge of him and was a wonderful father to the boy. For want of a better name the skipper called the boy Giglo. Many a long talk Giglo and the skipper had in the cabin of the boat, and it was finally decided that Giglo should return to Italy by means of the next army transport, which was to sail within the week taking American soldiers to France to fight in the Allied army.

Giglo meant to these soldiers a ray of sunlight, battling with the gloom and uncertainty of return on that long journey across the sea. Every evening, when work was done, the men clamored for his songs; and he, accompanied by two would-be musicians who played on some battered old mouth organs, sang till taps sounded or till fatigue overcame him. Over and over again Giglo would render the same songs, while men two and three times his age lay in all states of undress upon their bunks, listening like children.

The ship arrived at France after a seven day journey. It had been a great passage, the men working hard every day, waiting for the evening so they might listen to Giglo's songs. Although they heard the same songs many times, they liked them none the less. They learned the words to several American tunes and joined in with Gig on the choruses, making the ship merry with the clamor. The trip over had changed Giglo's mind. He had lost all desire to return to Italy, wishing to remain with the division of his adoption. Permission was granted him, and he was claimed by the soldiers, going with them to the third line trenches. Rarely allowed in the trench itself, he was kept below in the dugouts where he was safe from harm. Although he was always given the best, he was far from

pampered. His weak back prevented the men from getting too rough with him, but he endured all he could, for men in trenches aren't "plaster saints" by any means. Giglo's days were full of life, and never a moment was wasted; for when he was not working, singing, or talking with the men, he slept, and slept soundly, though all hell was raging outside. When evening came, most of the men tried to be present at "Gig's concert", lolling around listening or going about their tasks very quietly, for, if anyone interrupted Giglo, the offender was sure to receive army punishment. Giglo, being a bright fellow, collected many new songs during his stay in the trenches, most of them army tunes, the men joining in heartily in singing them; and if Berlin did not hear the hullabaloo, it was no fault of the Allied Vocal Chords. Intermingled with happy songs, Giglo had some of a sadder nature that were loved by all.

Thus life went on for three months with no sensational battles, each side treating the situation cautiously, not daring to attempt an attack. The expected came after Giglo had been with the outfit fourteen weeks. The Germans made a heavy bombardment on the weakened enemy lines, and before the Americans recovered from the surprise, the Huns charged, the remaining Americans retreating. One fellow seized Giglo and half pulled, half carried him away from the oncoming Germans, but before he had gone fifty yards, a bullet stopped him dead. Gig tore himself free, rushing on with the stampede of horror; but before he had left his dead friend far behind, he felt a stab of pain in his shoulder, though his confused senses kept him speeding madly till he fell into the arms of a telegraph operator far behind the trenches, which were now in the hands of the Germans. The operator carried the unconscious Giglo to an army ambulance filled with men, headed hospitalwards. That was the last time Giglo ever saw many of his buddies; but he heard later how those that escaped death staged a wonderful comeback, halting the charge of the Germans and greatly weakening their forces.

Giglo's wound was not serious, and he was up and about in three weeks, but his experiences at the trenches made him lose all desire to return. He was not a coward; but the sight of wholesale slaughter and of men ruthlessly destroying the beauties of nature

so sickened him that he preferred to remain at the hospital, doing his bit there for those dying and disabled men to whom the songs of Giglo meant so much. Strangely enough, as he roamed through the wards filled with broken bodies, he came upon the same man, now blinded and helpless, who had stolen his money and pushed him off the bridge on that fated night. Upon learning the man was near death, Giglo spoke to him and sat down near him. The fellow's face was white, and his eyes sunken; but when he felt Gig's hand, some of the blood came to his blanched face, and a new strength appeared to possess him. Gig sat on his bed, singing continuously till the unfortunate fellow fell asleep. When the man awoke the next morning, he immediately asked for Giglo. Being informed that he would have to wait, as others wished Gig also, he startled them all by shouting oaths that would amaze his satanic majesty himself. After a hurried consultation with a doctor, the nurses found Giglo and sent him to the dying man, and there Giglo stayed the entire day, singing and talking to the man, whose name he learned was Sam. Toward evening a nurse came to say the chaplain was outside, and to ask if Sam wished to see him. The man seemed to take great offence at the nurse's words, and bellowed at her, "I don't need no chaplain where I'm goin', and God knows it. I ain't never had religion, and I don't want any. I ain't yeller enough to ask mercy at this late day. A lifetime of sin can't be wiped out with that 'forgive me, amen' stuff. I'll get what I earned; take it chin up and no snivelling."

As soon as the nurse left, Sam turned to Giglo, and started talking in a voice strangely soft and very different from the tone he had used in addressing the nurse. "Giglo," he whimpered, "I've got to talk to someone before I kick in, and no one here gives a damn about me 'cept you, and so I'm gonna tell you what I gotta say. I ain't such a rotten rat as you think I am; I don't mean all I say, either; but if I let a guy come in here and preach to me, I'd just bust out and bawl like a baby. And why? 'Cause I'm afraid to die. I've done such mean tricks in this life that I'm afraid of payin' up, and that's why I had you sing and sing, boy, to make me forget. What's hauntin' me most is a poor little cuss who used to sit on a bridge and sing, and one night I robbed him of his day's cash and

shoved him over into the water. And now I hopes you see why I needed you with me." Here he stopped, and Gig, steadying his voice, spoke up bravely, "Well, buddy, I can tell you a little news to cheer you up. I'm the same little cuss you gave that dirty deal to." Here the man's face became ghastly, and his hands shook, but Giglo continued, "You and I are the only persons who know this secret; and seeing how I'm forgiving you, I guess God will. Maybe you don't know it, but when you pushed me off that bridge, you did more for me than you could ever guess. I've gained friends and learned things that have made me a different boy altogether. Maybe if it wasn't for you, I'd still be sitting on that bridge, instead of being here making people happy like I seem to be now."

Sam did not speak, but he understood, and just kept smiling the minutes away. At last Giglo bent to hear, "Sing, sing, *A Long, Long Trail*, boy, will you?" Giglo began, and not a sound could be heard except the sweet melody and the deep, regular breathing of Sam as he listened in contentment. As the last notes drifted away through the darkness, Sam uttered two words, "Thanks, boy," and without another sound closed his eyes in death.

Giglo arose and walked into the corridor, his head down, his heart heavy, and his eyes filled with tears.



Out Of The Wastebasket

A group of letters sorted out at random

BY RING W. LARDNER, JR.

(EDITOR'S NOTE—The *Mirror* naturally receives a vast amount of correspondence. Much is mere fan mail asking about such details as the date of Mr. Woodward's birth (a dubious point) or Mr. DeMare's chief source of inspiration (if any). But a portion of it is so interesting that we feel that it would be a crime to withhold it from our public. It was with some misgiving that we gave to Lardner the job of withdrawing, blindfolded, of course, to avoid favoritism, some of the letters from the scrapbasket. It is our sincere hope that the responsibility will not be too great for him.)

Editor, *Mirror*

Andover, Mass.

Dear Sir:

Your publication is a success. I like it, and in liking it, admire it. It is a time-honored custom of our nation to give due credit to whatever may be deserving of such credit. With this in mind I salute the *Mirror* and heartily recommend it to all.

It is now nineteen minutes before dinner, and I must write my newspaper column and a magazine article before I eat. In consideration of this fact, I close.

Sincerely,

Calvin Coolidge

Mr. J. R. Henry

Business Manager

P. A. *Mirror*

Andover, Mass.

Dear Sir:

I wish to remind you that, regardless of your letter of the fifth

The MIRROR

inst. reporting you to be out of town, legal action will be taken unless the sum of \$107.60 is paid to my clients within seven days.

J. H. Monroe

Legal Advisor

Smith & Coutts Printing Co.

The Mirror

Phillips Academy

Andover, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

When word first came to us that an issue of the *Mirror* had been published, we at once realized our duty as a representative group of intelligent American citizens to study the various phases of the enterprise and to ascertain as well as we could what were the various assets and defects of your publication. A careful study of the matter in hand brought us to these conclusions. Firstly, that the *Mirror*, while by no means good, is not bad. Secondly, that Peck's *Smoke Rings* is easily the best thing in the *Mirror*, although it is surpassed by at least four other contributions. Thirdly, it is our firm belief that the *Mirror* should be allowed to continue, and, if it fails, remember that we said it would. Let us now sum up in a few main points what we have said:

1. That the cover is neither good nor bad.
2. That the title, while perhaps failing in aptness, is yet very appropriate.
3. That the *Mirror* should decidedly be abolished, allowed to continue, and entirely disregarded.

Having now to go and prepare a bill for what you must acknowledge to be very valuable services rendered and which we will soon send to you, we are

Very sincerely yours,

The Wickersham Commission

The *Mirror*

Andover, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Your delightful magazine is quite the rage here in Hollywood. (Business manager's note: Some one must have sent out some free copies.) I thought that *To Study or Not to Study* by McClung was very good, but I find that it's almost copied from a book called "Hamlet", and I do think your material ought to be original. And that beautiful story of Mr. Woodward's,—I would like to meet him. (Note by Woodward: Any night next week.) To say nothing of Mr. Lardner's story; there's just no getting around him (Ed. note: very true).

The illustrations are especially good; I do think, though, that the artistic effect of the magazine is hurt by that place where some ink has been spilled on page 25 above where it says, "Hamlet, Act I, Scene II". You really ought to avoid such things, and a typographical error like Millikan's *Orbis Terrarum* certainly ought not to occur.

Love,

Joan Crawford





The Conclusion

By J. B. ROWLAND

THE SNOWFLAKES blew savagely back and forth with the wind, accomplishing nothing and getting nowhere. They seemed to have something to say, something important that I should know, but were unable to convey their meaning. Wildly waving and motioning to me, the little white messengers beat against my face in a last effort to attract my attention; then they disappeared. On every side the valiant white army, coming from the north, pressed hard the giant evergreens, which wielded their mighty limbs against the heavy onslaught and drove their enemy forth to the south.

Through the merciless storm I plodded my laborious way toward Vladivostok. Completely shut in by the dome of snow, I was constantly on my guard for some lurking enemy just beyond, enshrouded in the mysterious blanket of white. The rhythmical beat of my snowshoes only added to the intense gloom round about, while my feet, ever led forth into future unexplored secrets, left behind a track of their work soon to be covered by the great work of Nature, the falling snow.

Is this a treadmill that I walk upon? I plod along hour after hour, and the scene about me never seems to change. Will these snowflakes forever rush by me, impatient as I am to be on beyond them to Vladivostok? But no, I can see the blockhouse at the outskirts of the town. The day may yet be saved.

I shouted a warning to the men coming to meet me. "The enemy will be here tomorrow. We must prepare a defense at once."

The next morning everything was ready for the battle. A scout had reported at seven o'clock that the enemy had spent the night about five miles from the city and had started their march again at six o'clock that morning; therefore we assembled our men in the stockade to give final orders.

I addressed the soldiers: "My companions in danger, we are

about to face an enemy who have proven themselves in many battles to be brave. They have an advantage over us in experience, but we are defending our homes. We realize exactly what we are fighting for and how great the reward of victory will be, while they are blind to all these things. Worn out by long fighting, wishing for peace, and longing to be home again, they fight without spirit. Their hearts and minds have been dulled by long routine. To your posts!"

II

To see men in battle is to become acquainted with death. I stood in the stockade, watching a bloody massacre which dimmed my eyes. Six times the enemy had charged up the hill, only to be driven down again by the force of our fire. During their first attack we had used our cannon, but after that, because our supply of powder was so low, we dared not fire them, which forced us to depend on our muskets. Each time the enemy had come forward, they had been driven back, leaving men lying in the snow as lifeless markers of their progress. Each attack which made its imprint on their forces was also diminishing our number; in fact, each conflict seemed to do us twice the harm it did to them.

Seeing our men beginning to waver and give way to the enemy, I questioned my father.

"What is there left us to do, Father, now that we are so weak in number? We cannot withstand another attack of the enemy unless we can contrive some way of outwitting them."

"There is only one way, my son, in which we can rout the enemy today. When they attack next time, we must pretend that there are only four or five men in the fort. Thinking our numbers to be small, their generals will give the order to rush the stockade. When their forces are within ten feet of the wall, we can fire our cannon with the remaining powder in the magazine. Then, before the enemy has time to recover from the shock, every man must leap to his post and fire his musket into the midst of the bewildered soldiers below."

The plan was accepted, and preparations were made for the encounter. I ordered the cannon to be loaded with pebbles and buck-shot instead of the usual ammunition. Then five volunteers were

called to man the walls. Regardless of the death which was sure to result, five men offered to take the posts. Swords were supplied to all the men in case the enemy should reach the wall and start a hand to hand conflict. Before the enemy had started up the hill for another attack, everything was in readiness to meet them.

Although it had stopped snowing about an hour before, the sky was still overcast with heavy, grey clouds. Evening twilight already painted the landscape a melancholy gloom. The wind had died down to a tired breeze, and as it endeavored in vain to sway the sluggish pines, it moaned. Scattered about on the ground men lay in pools of blood, their faces void of all expression of hope or happiness. Even the living in the stockade were standing spiritless, silent, their eyes fixed on some imaginary happiness far off in another world. Two crows in deep mourning hovered over the stockade, then in fright flew off to happier places, calling out in sad, quivering voices their tales of woe. The enemy drew nearer and nearer over the bodies, which at times seemed as if they were about to speak words of pity, at other times, words of warning. Our three cannon, with their mouths wide open ready to shout out the death message, stared at the approaching enemy.

Everything worked out as we had hoped. The approaching generals, after seeing only a few men on the wall, waved their followers forward. When the men were about twenty-five feet from the stockade, the cannon belched out their deadly missiles, disabling a great many. At the same time all our men jumped to their posts and fired. Resolving to hold their ground, the surviving enemy fired back, and about half our number fell dead.

"If we fight, we die; if we surrender, we will be shot; let us die heroically," shouted my father as he reloaded his musket.

At these words all the men, reloading, fired again. Groans and curses filled the air as the wounded of both sides fell to the ground. The soldiers outside advanced almost to the wall; then, under the volley of rocks and gunfire from the wall, they were driven back a little. All around men dropped, to lie still forever. Soon, sickened by the sight, I began to wonder what death took from a person that made him lose control of his own body. What was it that I had,

and others around me did not have, which kept my legs rigid and my mind working?

"Ah, salvation! the enemy are retreating," I shouted as the soldiers at the foot of the wall suddenly retired. I looked about me; I was almost alone, for only three men were left standing, and these three were wounded.

III.

By the time I had carried all the men who were still alive (about five in all) into the house and had taken care of their wounds, it was ten o'clock. The loneliness of the place was almost driving me crazy. Sitting in a chair beside the sick-beds, I gazed about the dimly lighted room. Everything was silent; the noiseless shadows, cast by the flames from the fireplace, danced over the faces of the unconscious men lying on the beds. Why did they dance like that; was it a dance of joy, or was it a solemn dance of death? In my mind I wondered why these shadow figures, phantoms of the fire, should dance over my patients. Could it be that this was the hand of Death drawing life from these wounded men? The thought filled me with panic. Reaching over toward the nearest bed, I felt the forehead of the man who was lying there; it was cold! After making the round of all five beds, I found that only one was alive,—my father. As I placed my hand on his forehead, he started to move and opened his eyes.

"My Father," I whispered.

"Get me some whiskey; I haven't the strength to lift a finger," he muttered.

Immediately I picked up a candle which stood lighted on a nearby table and rushed down into the cellar. In one of the far corners I could make out a row of bottles; toward these I headed, breaking my way through the darkness with the candle. Suddenly from the door above there came to my ears a terrible cry. Horrified, I dropped the candle, which went out as soon as it struck the floor. So dark and still was everything about me that I was not sure for a minute whether I was dead or alive.

After feeling around on my hands and knees, I finally found a bottle; then I started back to the stairs again. I could see nothing

around me except the glow of an imaginary candle. My nerves were taxed to the limit, so that I thought I heard a voice coming out of the darkness, calling frantically for help and begging me to hurry. Once I thought I saw a figure, but as I drew near, it vanished.

Finally I managed to climb the stairs again into the sick room. The cry I had heard was the last word of my father, for by the time I reached the bedside, he was dead. A terrible loneliness, greater than I had ever felt, came over me. For the greatest loneliness is that of being alone with death. In the distance I thought I heard the sound of marching men. "An attack," I cried.

I stood up and shouted commands. "Go to your posts, everyone; stand by your leader." But the only reply I received was the mocking laugh of the tall rafters. I spoke to the dead: "We are in a common danger, yet you do not care; you have protection. You have crawled out of your shells and gone in search of better homes, but I am trapped in mine and cannot get out." I put my arms around my father and spoke to him: "I love you and am willing to work with you. How can we conquer the enemy?" But there was no answer.

Suddenly I snatched up my sword and climbed to the top of the stockade. For the first time that evening the moon sailed out from behind a white drift of cloud. As the proud prow of a ship forces its way through the foaming sea, so did this brilliant planet make its way along. The moonbeams flooded the whole valley, turning each snowflake into a glistening diamond. The valley seemed like the castle of the King of Giants; the tall, majestic pines girding the valley on every side were like green and white turrets. The trunks of the trees, coated with snow, made a solid granite wall. Down in the far end of the valley was a gap in the forest, the open gates in the castle wall. Through these open gates the vanquished enemy were marching back to General Vandsky. The day was won.

I rushed back to my father crying, "The enemy are retreating." There was no answer; not even the expression on their faces changed. I poured out three glasses of the whiskey which I had brought up from the cellar.

“Won’t you join me in a drink?” There was a deep silence; the only sound was the howl of the wind outside.

The dead seemed to be trying to say, “We cannot join you now; we are far away. You will have to join us.”

I took a pencil from the table and started to write this brief account of what had happened to me since I was last seen by a living person. Anyone may read it who will, but do not fear for me. Soon I will be with my father, safe out of harm’s way. Don’t think me a coward. I fought hard in the battle to save those dear to me, but could not; so I go to join them. Pull the sword from my heart and bury me beside my father.

A Vision

BY W. BEACH

IT is a black night pierced by scintillating points of light. It is an ebon night in which jet-black shadows send long columns of stygian darkness to intercept my path. I walk with faltering steps. Knotted trees grin at me, sneering with contorted faces at my fear. They lift their gnarled arms as if to strike me, and I run on with increasing dread. A wail!

Did the wind make that human cry? A whinny! A neigh! What horseman might ride at such an hour? In frenzied hurry I cower back in a fathomless shadow. A long, long moment of stillness. Then their passes a phantom troop of horsemen: each man robed in a long cloak urges on his steed with spurs that do not hurt; each man holds a rope tied about a captive’s neck; and as they ride, their horses hoofs beat the earth; but I can hear no sound of hoofs striking ground.

They have passed by, and I crouch in fear with a shiver up my spine and blackness to hide me.

A Sweet Girl

(For ages 3-6)

Dedicated with Deep Affection to
MISS ULOLY DILOSA MELHOP

MY DEARS, will you meet a sweet girl? Little Adelaide, a pure girl, wears only a pure white nightgown, and drinks only the pure white milk of the cows. Little Adelaide is a sweet girl; she is kind; she is kind to dumb animals; she is kind to her mother.

Little Adelaide has a wicked friend named Mary; Mary wears pajamas with *red* stripes; Mary drinks the coffee; Mary is a wicked girl, but Little Adelaide is a pure girl and drinks only the pure white milk of the cows. Mary sometimes sulks and goes out into the garden and eats worms.

But Little Adelaide is a sweet girl; she is kind to dumb animals; she tells sweet stories to the little sparrows; in the evenings she sits out on the front porch telling them about a woman with a million children. Here Little Adelaide's pure white bosom gently rises beneath her pure white nightgown; for Little Adelaide's lover, Mr. John Randolphson, was killed. Mr. John Randolphson had eyes of the bluest hue; Mr. Randolphson had been a roof-mender, and on a wet day he fell off a roof and was killed; Little Adelaide was very sorry. Little Adelaide continues her sweet story; and of all these million children, all were bad but one, and so when the mother went to buy some ink, she told the good little boy not to put beans in his ears and not to fall in the well. Here Little Adelaide takes a sip of the pure white milk of the cows. But when mother comes home, she finds the good little boy in the bottom of the well with beans in his ears. This disturbs the little sparrows, and so, since Little Adelaide is a sweet girl and kind to dumb animals, she tells the little sparrows that the woman got the good little boy out of the well and put him on the shelf to dry for seed.

But Mary, Little Adelaide's wicked friend, sits on the back porch and tells ghost stories to the little sparrows and *scares* them. You see, she is not kind to dumb animals as Little Adelaide is. As the winter comes, and the snow flies down and covers the sky with its veil, Little Adelaide's mother, dressed in a pure white nightgown, carefully wraps her in soft cotton and lays her in the glass case with a bottle of the pure white milk of the cows.

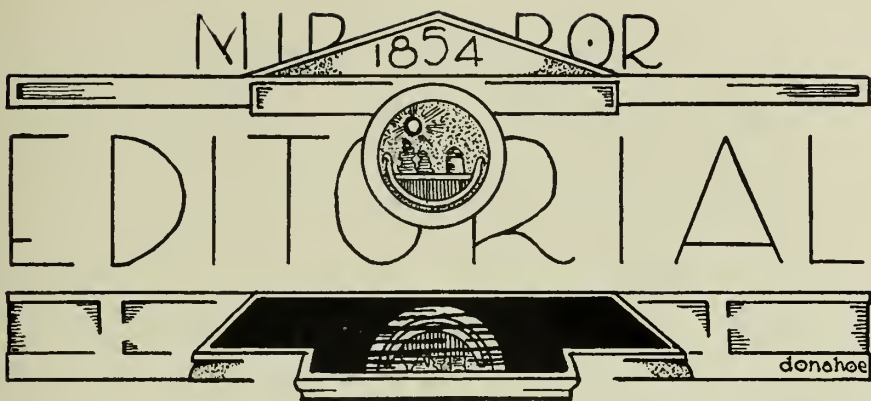
Dance Hall

BY W. BEACH

Cocoanuts raise their leafless boughs
To pallid, smoky, blinking skies;
A frozen moon, a star or two,
Spot the dancers greyish blue.

Pasty faces, crimson lips,
Push through wreaths of curling smoke,
Wanly smile, and nod to a meter
Of dreamy dulcet droning waltz.

A noisy laugh; a bulky man
Uncorks a liquor bottle;
Gingerale and whisky mix
In tinkling, twinkling, tumbling drink.



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JOSEPH H. WOODWARD, 2ND

“THREE hours later, at the foot of the cliff, men picked up Herbert’s broken body” . . . “ ‘Anne, Anne, what are you doing here? You are dead.’ Running her hands over my face and brushing back my hair she answered, ‘So are you!’ ” “The younger died while devouring his beloved father with his face plunged in his bloody carcass, which was in turn on that of his mother.”

The products of enfeebled minds? Perhaps. If so, the school should be a bit more careful in its selection of students. In any case, it is evident, even to readers of the MIRROR, who see but a tithe of the bulk of written matter pored over by the editors, that the literary product of the school has fallen into the icy grip of the depression. Upon a superficial examination, it would seem that the bright and cheerful atmosphere so characteristic of Andover still prevails. But if we look deep into the hearts of many apparently happy individuals, we find a brooding pessimism, a deep-rooted

sordidness and morbidity, truly frightful to contemplate. Most of our student authors, from all legible indications, have looked on life and found it sadly wanting. The muse of the hill no longer sports gaily about the campus praising the joys of existence, but rather with downcast eye and disordered coiffure sits disconsolate, muttering a multitude of ominous groans portending Death—Suicide—Hunger. Your very roommate may, as he cheerily demands another of those cookies, be plotting whether to have his hero horribly mangled by the wheels of the onrushing demon locomotive, or torn limb from limb by the ravenous pack of famished wolves, their eyes gleaming with a lust for blood. The problem of attempting to discourage this burst of indigestibles which has poured in steadily in sheaves of contributions has caused the editors many wakeful nights. We thought parody might solve it, but when we presented the material to our parody artists, they threw up their hands in dismay, with the remark that the originals were much funnier than anything they could produce.

We heartily agree with the faculty reviewer who suggested in the PHILLIPIAN that perhaps MIRROR authors were delving into fields with which they were too little familiar, but we have yet to discover a satisfactory remedy for this malady. It is, of course, quite a natural and reasonable phenomenon. To write realistically of places, people, and events with which we are all thoroughly conversant requires consummate skill, while one can always indulge in wild orgies of emotion, protected from severe criticism by the reader's lack of experience. Furthermore, the exaggerated, the unusual, is always far simpler to do well than the delicate and the fine. We cannot help feeling, however, that there must be in some unfrequented spot off the campus some student who has the courage and originality to keep his writing free from blood stains. If there be such a one, we appeal to him to lend a helping hand and aid the editors in clearing away the pile of dead bodies which is at present cluttering up the MIRROR office.

Books

Wolsey

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

REVIEWED BY KEVIN MCINERNEY

OUTSTANDING among recent biographies is the life of Wolsey by Hilaire Belloc. This history of the foremost English cardinal is intended as a companion-piece to *Richelieu*, his life of the great French cardinal, and it fully measures up to the excellent standard of his earlier work.

In *Wolsey* Belloc emphasizes the pivotal part played by his protagonist in the great drama of the Reformation; he impresses upon the reader the tremendous importance which Wolsey, as the virtual ruler of England, wielded in the affairs of Europe; and he shows that if Wolsey had possessed, along with his other qualifications, the vision of a great man, he could have changed the whole course of English history, and for that matter the history of all Europe.

It would seem upon first consideration that Belloc is extravagant in his estimation of Wolsey's importance, but, on the contrary, he backs up each assertion with first-hand references to contemporary fact and evidence. Belloc compares the rise and fall of Wolsey to that of a tragic hero, and the comparison is an apt one; for here was a man possessing many great abilities: a brilliant intellect, tireless industry, a magnetic personality, and a genius for organizing. Yet because of one flaw in his make-up, his lack of vision, he fell to abject poverty and death. It is a great drama, and the author has portrayed it admirably.

But in *Wolsey* Belloc has written something more than a biography; he has given us a picture of a whole phase of European history. Beginning two or three centuries before, he traces the course of that tremendous intellectual, artistic, and moral revolution, the Renaissance. With remarkable impartiality and candor he dis-

cusses the corruption of the clergy and abuses within the church. He also describes at some length the political situation of the times, the evolution of the national idea, and the balance of power on the continent, which gave England an importance and power entirely disproportionate to its size. In addition to this, he has embodied keen, analytical character sketches of the other figures of the day among whom are Catherine of Aragon, Anne Boleyn, Campeggio (the Papal legate), Thomas Cromwell, Charles V, Francis I, and last and most important, Henry VIII, upon whose character Belloc places an altogether unique interpretation. These various sidelights are not only interesting for purposes of comparison, but they help one to get a more unified conception of the times.

Wolsey is by no means a "sensational" biography; it is a thoroughly scholarly work based directly upon contemporary documents. However, Belloc's lucid style and facility of expression offset any academic dryness that the book might have and serve to make it delightful and entertaining reading.

"Shepherds in Sackcloth"

BY SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

REVIEWED BY ROBERT P. GRIFFING, JR.

“THEY did not really look so old—not their full sixties.” “They” are Mr. and Mrs. Bennet, two of the most delightful characters of modern fiction. True “Shepherds in Sackcloth”, this parish priest and his wife devote their lives to the doing of good deeds toward others, often even when deep within their hearts stirs a spark of rebelliousness. They are typical people who, to use the words of a modern dramatist, “. . . will always do the right thing, even when they know in their hearts that it is the wrong thing.” No one can tell how accurate, how wonderfully human these characters are. Miss Kaye-Smith permits us a glimpse of the inner life of the kind of person whom we all know and fail to appreciate, whom we talk about, and often disparagingly, but of whose hardships, whose struggles for very existence we know nothing.

The author's powers of characterization are not confined solely to this very interesting couple, but also are applied with great skill and success to the other persons with whom "Shepherds in Sackcloth" deals. The characterization throughout is so effective as to be startling. It seems impossible that such absolutely human characters could be described by printed words. Surely "Shepherds in Sackcloth" is the result of long observation, long study of the intricacies of human nature which make this nature outwardly seem so simple. Such characters as "Poor Emily", a half-witted servant; Theresa, whose beauty while alive was the flaming beauty of the sun, and whose beauty when dead was the cold, sinister, unearthly beauty of the moon; Mrs. Igglesdun, good, kind, sweet, benevolent, one of the last of the flock in the parish,—surely these are not characters of the printed page alone. They are real people, people all of us have known.

The realism of "Shepherds in Sackcloth" is amazing. The novel is such a fascinatingly human document of ordinary life that to lay it aside before reaching the last page is difficult. The subject treated most realistically is that which in life seems so unreal,—the fact of death. Yet the deaths of the Bennets, Theresa, Mrs. Igglesdun impress us by their striking reality. We have seen them travel the inevitable path to death's door. We have seen that door open to receive them. We have been overcome with a wave of sudden, forceful sympathy, and we become a small thing in the awful presence of the hand of God in his dealings with men.

However, "Shepherds in Sackcloth" deals not entirely with sadness. The home life of the Bennets is a delightful picture of what we all experience in our everyday life. The great love of Theresa for a young minister makes wonderfully pleasant reading. There are passages of rare beauty of description of the glorious English countryside. There is page after page of dialogue, description, and characterization that out of sheer beauty of presentation and clear fluency of style afford many fleeting minutes of delightful reading. It must be genius on the part of the writer to mingle joy, love, friendship, and sadness into one story of true shepherds, giving all, even life, for their flock, wearing the cloak of humbleness always, a story

so gripping in its intensity that to read it is to wish to live a better life, more of the shepherd's life, patterned after that of the Great Shepherd of men. "Shepherds in Sackcloth" will not soon die. With the intelligent reading public it will be a cherished memory, the memory of having made the acquaintance of real people, the memory of a fine author and her masterpiece.

Angel Pavement

BY J. B. PRIESTLEY

REVIEWED BY KEVIN MCINERNEY

THERE are certain considerable advantages that accrue to one who bears the sobriquet, "The Modern Dickens". For instance, one cannot criticize the plot construction of a Dickensian novel for the simple reason that there is no plot construction. Likewise, one cannot censure the author for his characters since they are not characters but only caricatures. However, in *Angel Pavement* J. B. Priestley seems to have surrendered these valuable prerogatives and to have written a novel in the modern style. Gone are the delightful one-dimensional characters and the incidental plot that smacked so much of *The Pickwick Papers*. The story tells how Jimmy Golspie, an enigmatic adventurer, enters a London business office, bilks it of its money, but transforms every employee, from the president down, from a dull type into a real person. The plot is well-constructed, sometimes to the point of tediousness. The descriptions of London, the only things retaining their Dickensian flavor, are unusually fine. To many who were expecting another *Good Companions* this book will be a disappointment, but no one can deny that *Angel Pavement* marks a courageous change, if not a real improvement, in Priestley as a novelist.

This Mysterious Universe

BY SIR JAMES JEANS

REVIEWED BY LYMAN SPITZER, JR.

IT is unfortunate that Sir James Jeans, who is in truth a scientist of no mean repute, persists in making wild flights into the realms of philosophy. For in his recent work, *The Mysterious Universe*, after four or five chapters of rather good exposition of modern science, he departs from the fold and arrives at some such philosophical conclusion as, "The universe is pure thought in the mind of a mathematical thinker." Since Jeans, in attempting to prove his point, completely ignores the well founded evidence of other reputable scientists, such as Millikan's analysis of the cosmic rays, and states his own speculations on such matters as the "heat-death" as proven scientific truth, the results are usually misleading. If the book is properly read and understood, the mere fact that science tolerates such a philosophy is significant. By the pseudo-scientific propagandists of the pulpit who gain but a half-truth, however, the book will be misunderstood, and hence misrepresented. *The Mysterious Universe* will mislead millions.

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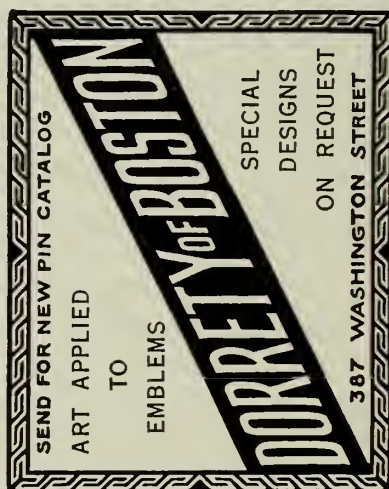
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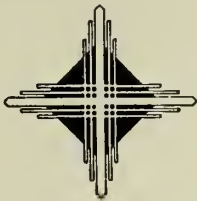
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THE MIRROR



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Contents

COVER DESIGN BY ARTHUR LOUGEE

FRONTISPIECE, <i>by Arthur Lougee</i>	4
METAMORPHOSIS, <i>by Lucius Wing</i>	5
CAFE	9

Illustration by Graham Peck

A NOCTURNE TO END ALL NOCTURNES, <i>by Ring Lardner</i> .	10
DREAM, <i>by George S. de Mare</i>	11
SAINT GANDHI, <i>by John Cooper</i>	12
A ROOM FOR PIRANESI, <i>by Arthur T. Lougee</i>	15
PIANO, 5:30, <i>by Graham Peck</i>	16
THE BANQUET	17

Illustration by Graham Peck

AETERNITAS, <i>by Hollis Boardman Hill</i>	18
ORGAN LOFT	23

Photograph by Cyril Sumner

IS THIS FUTILITY, <i>by William Laubach Nute, Jr.</i> . . .	24
WILDERNESS RIVER	25

Pencil Sketch by Waldron M. Ward

EDITORIAL	26
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BOOKS

THE GLORY OF THE NIGHTINGALES, <i>by E. A. Robinson</i> .	
<i>Reviewed by William S. Walcott</i>	28

THE STORY OF SAN MICHELE, <i>by Axel Munthe</i>	
<i>Reviewed by Ring Lardner, Jr.</i>	30



Metamorphosis

BY LUCIUS T. WING

THOSE of you who inhabit the North Shore of Long Island can scarcely fail to be familiar with the *Plunkett Recorder*; and, had you scanned the March 20th issue of that breezy weekly, you would have been confronted, beneath some photogravures of golfing foursomes, with a rectangle of print framed in heavy black ink. Your eye would have caught: "to the pain of all . . . survived by former Lillian Denny, his wife, and two descendants . . . outstanding among theatrical set . . . funny man of stage . . . cont. p. 2," and then, turning, "partner in Müller's playhouse line . . . interment at Cedarhurst cemetery, Mon., 2:30 . . . entire Chamber of Commerce will attend."

Irving B. Eagleson had evidently been a personage of note; even Al Smiley, owner and editor of the *Recorder*, could not adequately represent the effervescent eulogy that the emotional widow had dictated to him from the Neo-Renaissance villa on Smith Point. It may yet be more a favor than not to tell the history of the man; for, a generation hence, he will be forgotten as surely as the most obscure Levantine that ever came from the Transtiberine slums to play and sing before the Emperor Heliogabalus.

* * * * *

Much of the Silesian Black Country is untidy and unbeautiful, begrimed with coal dust and polluted with the vaporous discharge of blast furnaces; but for old Abraham Adlerssohn it had seemed always Canaan, flowing with aureate milk and honey. Like most of his race, Abraham had never worked in the mines, repelled as he was by the unprofitability of such an existence, and realizing that, granted he survive the active prejudices of the workers, he would be sure to succumb to tuberculosis within a year. Pawnshop-keeping was a much more sensible way to live. If, indeed, his business had been confined to exchanging kronen for the Odlauers' spoons and big turnip

watches, his old age might have been comfortably passed. It was his usurious money-lending that caused an enraged Pole to set fire to his house and store, so that no one would give him requital. Abraham's last two years were spent wretchedly on the charity of a relative, while Isaac, the son, who might have succeeded to the shop, was forced to seek his fortune somewhere out of Odlaui.

Bitterness in Isaac's spirits soon gave way to hope. He began to apprehend that his lot, apparently so untoward, provided opportunity to materialize a secretly cherished dream. To America he would go,—and make money. It was as if the very streets there were paved with precious metals,—so his uncle Adolf had written; and Isaac laid great faith in his own inherent racial genius. "Euch, der Gerechte!" thought he, "isch will alles mechen, was mer'n Steck Geld bringt!"

Three weeks later a short but solidly built Jewish youth stood on the foredeck of the *Pommern*. His face,—which, beside eager anticipation, showed a trace of Slavic ancestry and the lack of soap and water in the steerage,—was set rigidly forward. As Governor's Island swung into view, his small, domed hat went off, and he automatically flattened back his thick, ropy hair. What if Isaac's tight-fitting coat did look pieced from burlap sacks? or if the change of garments in the little black satchel had not been washed since he left Silesia? or if his Yiddish had not been well understood even in Bremen? or if there remained in his watch pocket only the traditional seven cents? He was entering a Land of Promise.

It happened to be during the strenuous period of President McKinley. Isaac did not know this, nor, as his boatload left Ellis Island, was he planning to help populate new states or territories. He would stay in the city, among his own kind. Mark Greenberg, a steerage acquaintance, small and self-convinced looking, with a bristle-tufted chin, had kindly offered to help him get a job. Five of Isaac's seven cents went for elevated-trolley fare; but his chagrin at this was in part mollified by a genuine admiration of the limitless expanse of flat-topped roofs. Eventually, after descending some perforated iron steps to the pavement, the young man found himself

brought into a musty little tailor shop. A wizened old Hebrew pulled a strand of thread from his lips and uttered, "How vell kin you sew pints?"

Isaac shook his head, and the question was promptly reiterated in "echtes Jüdisch". Never in his life had he touched needle to seam, but the job looked easy, and he gained it with a lie. Bidding Mark farewell, he set out on his great adventure in a new world. Alas! His fat, thick fingers were singularly inapt for the work. Before he had spoiled half a yard of cloth, the aged craftsman, scissors in hand, had driven him out upon the sidewalk.

Fortunately our protagonist, after an encounter with the unsympathetic Irish officer at the corner, was able to find immediate employment with a jeweler. Set at first directly under the eye of the artisan, he became gradually further entrusted. Not until after several months did the clerk tire of gazing at the back of the Hebrew script on the plate-glass window; then, during noon-hour, he departed with a diamond ring and a firm command of the New York idiom.

A few days' wallow in luxury ended for Isaac in sitting on a park bench and blinking painfully at the "Help Wanted: Male" column in an ancient newspaper he had captured from the winds. Times were indeed bad.

Suddenly a stubby hand was thrust beneath his eyes, and a not quite sober Israelitish voice hailed him like a long-lost friend. Isaac looked up. Two strangers, one rotundly short, the other, meagerly tall, backed off to commence a clog dance upon the gravel path. Knowing that he could in no case be robbed, the down-and-outer gazed passively, at first; but later, in a transport of fascination, he ventured to imitate. So earnest were Isaac's efforts, yet so utterly amateurish, shambling, and laughable, that they must be at once embodied in the "act".

The affiliation was permanent. All along lower Third Avenue the "Three Kikes" became famous, a condition which caused them to perform in better aired vaudeville places farther uptown, until finally, with artfully hidden joy, they signed a Broadway contract. After

this angular migration, years passed. The star of Isaac Adlerssohn was rising, although it was only a financial star. Money simply flowed into his pockets; and the popular Hebrew comedian and singer proved his crafty sharpness as an investor. Presently he became part-owner of a large theatre, whence his pecuniary power so swelled as to enable him to "swing" his stocks, and to play with loaded dice.

In all but monetary development Isaac's flaws were bringing slow ruin. From constant grinning his face grew to a fat moon, with piggy eyes half hidden in lateral wrinkles; on the stage he could capitalize the sad drollery of his great dropsical paunch, which shook like a bag of semi-fluid; veritably he was sacrificing all to attain his end.

Charity forbids that we but touch on his more nefarious activities. When the war came, Isaac,—although he might well have realized that he would have been judged unfit to be killed,—evaded the draft. His prurient impulses made him an easy and constant prey to vice. Among the first to be attracted to the commerce in the newly-banned liquors, he was soon directing trucks that by night returned laden from hidden points on the shores of Long Island and Jersey, and agents that by day solicited butlers and restaurant keepers through the length and breadth of Manhattan.

The venality of his dealings with wine, women, and song began to exact its toll on the mind of I. Adlerssohn: his one interest, money making, palled. A complete metamorphosis must be undergone to preserve his dulling spirits. A third of his fortune went to still the underworld voices that were lifted to accuse him. Cards, whose Old English script read, "Irving Brewster Eagleson," were engraved; *Primavera* was erected on Smith Point, with its green tiles, marble fauns, and Scotch gatekeeper assembled into order within three months; and an air of hauteur was most assiduously cultivated by the showgirl whom he had brought out to be his wife. He attended the meetings of the Plunkett Association, ordered his meat from the Kosher market only by telephone, and never appeared near the synagogue. This lasted about five years.

It was a beautiful spring morning. The corpulent Hebrew, funny no longer, had risen early and slumped downstairs, seeking instinctively the plush armchair in the great Tudor hall. He sensed only a prodded misery from the unkindnesses of his selfish wife; for late middle age, descending upon Eagleson, had relaxed his unfortified intelligence. A manservant brought in something in a glass and lit the fire. Eagleson lifted his drooping hand and took the glass; and, as he drained it, his chronic rheum prevented him from detecting the taint of methyl alcohol. Presently all the furniture and draperies began to swim bleared in the retina of his eye, and the little thrush, twittering outside in the bird-bath, grew to a black and gigantic vulture that flapped and rose past the foggy curtains into the room; the ghastly creature spread above him like a storm cloud; then, with a rushing of air, its wings closed down over him like the lid of a coffin.

What had previously existed to the benefit of nobody might now, at least, add a mite to the enlightenment and philosophy of the coroner.



SETTING FOR AN EPILOGUE

A Nocturne to End All Nocturnes

BY RING W. LARDNER, JR.

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE: The material handed in to the MIRROR has long seemed to me to fall into three distinct classes,—contributions by Mr. Graham Peck, morbid chronicles necessarily ending in the death of the protagonist, and nocturnes. It is a matter open to argument which of the three is the more objectionable. [Cries of “Peck”]. However, I have decided that there is nothing more repulsive to an editor than the *Nocturne* and its close relatives, *Spring* and *Contrast*. Therefore, in this little rendering, I have endeavored to combine all that can be said upon the subject, and so humiliate anyone who has considered writing such a contribution that there will not be a mellifluous murmur out of him. The accompanying illustration I leave to my readers’ judgment; I do all my art work in the dark and never get a chance to look at it.)



A NOCTURNAL SCENE

DAY had gone like the tide, and it was night. Night. *Night.* The moon had risen like an elevator, and the world was bathed by a sort of semi-light, which was neither entirely light nor pitch-dark, but between daylight and the darkness of night. Near the edge of the little pond the tiny, tantalizing, teasing tadpoles tarantellaed among the luscious little lily-pads. Farther out on the water the moonbeams seemed to be playing. They began

a game of "going to Jerusalem". One merry little beam always seemed to triumph; but, just as he should have been hailed victor, they abandoned the contest and began to play backgammon. Again they neared the end of their game, but again they broke it off before the end. In similar fashion game after game was begun, but never did they allow any to be finished. They played mumbly-peg, marbles, and an odd sort of mixed up bridge, in which they bid like auction, scored like contract, and played like hell. So it went on, an endless circle of youthful and spirited entertainment.

The trees wafted to and fro, like the gentle wheat in a ripe summer breeze. Of a sudden, I heard a sound which sounded strangely, weirdly, mysteriously like the cry of a loon. I stood petrified. What could it be? As I pondered, it came nearer; and, frightened but curious, I looked up. It was a loon.

The superb beauty of the scene impressed me more than I can say. Added to the view was the inimitable caroling of the nightingales. Nightingales! I listened and looked in rapture. I fell asleep.

Dream

BY GEORGE S. DE MARE

You laughed, and, lo, the wind took up that laugh
And carried it to radiant southern seas,
And blue skies caught it up like fulgent chaff,
And mingled it with tall and swaying trees,
And sifted it to music through the grass.
You laughed, and, lo, the moonlight drew it up,
And sent it by fast shadows through the flowers,

And night winds bore it onward beam by beam
Until it came a-singing in hushed hours
With all the melody of Earth's charmed powers,
And slipped into my dream.

“Saint Gandhi”

BY JOHN COOPER

WHAT is to become of India? Disraeli was one of many men who have declared that the test of our civilization will come in Asia. In view of the feelings of the Indian people, it seems unlikely that the recent overtures made by the British government granting only partial home rule will be satisfactory. India sincerely believes that the English have been carrying out a policy of misrule and exploitation which is fast leading to the ruin of the subject people.

For this reason, Mahatma Gandhi has joined battle with the great British Empire. The struggle has often been likened to the fight between David and Goliath—a little man who refuses to take up the arms of the West against the grandest empire of the day. Like David, Gandhi is not fighting for the first time against overpowering odds. This is the ninth struggle in which he has been engaged. For thirty-five years he has taken upon himself the task of setting free his countrymen. Great Britain still remembers his greatest campaign heretofore,—the emancipation of the Indian populace in South Africa. Only a few years after returning to India from London, where his law training was completed, Gandhi was sent by his law firm to South Africa, presumably for a year or two; there, the wretched plight of his people led the conscientious young lawyer to try to relieve their suffering, and he remained in Africa from eighteen ninety-three till the beginning of the World War. He instituted non-cooperation on a large scale, and his quiet yet forceful campaign gained for him the title, the Mahatma, the Great Soul.

In nineteen fourteen his native land called him back, and the British government recognized him during the War as a peace-maker. When the promises which the rulers had made concerning improve-

ment for his people after the war proved false, however, he renewed his opposition to the governing foreigners. He had his choice of directing the masses, or of cravenly withdrawing while they pursued a course of useless violence: he chose the more difficult.

The key-note of his program became non-cooperation, which included resignation of offices and titles, non-subscription to government loans, private arbitration, refusal to pay taxes—in short, repudiation of everything connected with the English government. In addition, he revived the spinning-wheel and the use of homespun cloth for both practical and symbolical reasons: they effected a boycott on English goods, at the same time placing some measure of reliance on the masses themselves, while the common interest in spinning tended to break down the caste barriers.

In nineteen twenty-nine a ten-year trial period ended in India. At the end of that year, realizing that promises of change were still unfulfilled, Gandhi altered his stand from one asking for improvement for his countrymen to one demanding complete self-government. Last year Great Britain appointed a committee to report on the desirability of freedom for India. This commission, known as the Simon Committee, was unwisely composed entirely of Englishmen and reported not in favor of entire liberty. At the Round-Table Conferences last month, however, the arguments of several Indian princes swayed many prominent Englishmen, notably Lord Reading, former Viceroy of India, to side with the subject nation, and the Conference finally closed with MacDonald's government granting partial home rule to India.

By what means has this slight little man, Gandhi, raised the prospects of some three hundred million inhabitants of a veritable continent from complete hopelessness to a strong chance for ultimate self-control? Certainly by no ordinary means of force, for he has spent days in fasting after outbreaks among his followers. Foreign writers often incorrectly speak of his policy as "passive resistance". Gandhi himself gave this explanation of the basis of his campaign fifteen years ago:

"The term 'passive resistance' does not fit into the activity of the Indian community. The real term, rendered in English, is 'truth force'. Violence is the negation of this great spiritual force.

"It is impossible for those who consider themselves to be weak to apply this force. Only those who realize that there is something in man which is superior to the brute nature in him and that the latter always yields to it, can effectively be passive resisters. This force is to violence what light is to darkness."

We Western peoples look at this conception with wonder. Yet One who is not without honor among us said, "Resist not evil," and "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you."

It is perhaps difficult to conceive how a man of Gandhi's lofty ideals could become engaged in politics. Let these words from his autobiography explain:

"To see the universal and all-pervading Spirit of Truth face to face, one must be able to love the meanest of creatures as oneself. And a man who aspires after that cannot afford to keep out of any field of life. That is why my devotion to truth has drawn me into the field of politics; and I say without the slightest hesitation and yet in all humility that those who say that religion has nothing to do with politics do not know what religion means."

India was floundering in the quicksand of her own traditions when Gandhi came. Out of these he has organized a forward doctrine which contains the definiteness of the Sermon on the Mount, the vigor of the West, and the inspiration of his own life of sacrifice. He has taught India what she wants in her inmost soul and what she must do to get it. Whether or not the ideal result—complete freedom—is finally attained, he will be venerated as the creator of the Indian Nation that shall eventually emerge. He has made the masses of India a factor in the struggle. Politicians could never reach them. To do that required a saint.

A Room for Piranesi

BY ARTHUR T. LOUGEE

AFTER Marillo had planned his summer room, he spent several weeks prowling around in odd little shops, selecting its cool furnishings. Finally, when the carpenters were through, and he could be spared their continual drubbing, he returned and settled himself again.

The room was half as wide as it was long, stretching the whole length of the north side of the house; and into the length of the outside wall facing the north was built a large, cool window extending twelve feet above the floor from its very low-set base sill. The glass was tinted an imperceptible green, so subtle that no one, unadvised of the color, perceived it. In the daytime a Venetian blind, grey and void of decoration, shaded Marillo's eyes from any harsh glare.

The chairs, while not uncomfortably hard, were not of the type that submerges the occupant. They were covered with a bright green silk on which was a design in black done by Marillo. The ceiling and floor were grey, and the walls were delicately shaded from dark grey simultaneously from ceiling and floor until at a point level with the eye they were nearly white. Marillo maintained that bright light was least irritating at eye level.

He avoided sombre monotony in the scheme by placing nine candles in tall candlesticks and sconces about the room. The candles were stained a bright orange, as nearly as possible the color of the actual candle-flame at night. The effect pleased him.

There remained one important thing—the Piranesi etchings. He had collected a comprehensive set of the *Carceri* series, all first impression sheets. These he hung slightly above eye level, because thus he gained a finer impression of exhaustive space; and because the wall, ever darkening above that point, lent his imagination the feeling of gaunt infinities before and above him, turned to darkness by their contact with obliterating space.

In daytime these etchings had a decided gift of airiness and delicacy. Marillo marvelled that, in direct contrast with his commoner Roman etchings, valuable for reference on account of their care in detail and pains in accurate reproduction, he was capable of such ease and freedom of line. His pliant stroke, guided by inspiration and unshackled of mechanics, and the utter emancipation from his other crotchety style, attracted the fancy of Marillo.

It was at night that they pleased him most. Then, with the Venetian blind pulled up to let in the night and with one candle lighted, he would look at them. He found that they were capable of producing an excitement in his imagination that amazed and delighted him. Often he sat and gazed, hypnotized, wondering from what dark torture chamber or ghastly cell resounding with mad shrieks those appalling stairs rose to the level! wondering how far into the intestines of that grand labyrinth the awful paths extended! imagining to what giddy heights those trembling walks and beams flung their wracked forms! Thus he would stifle his sensibilities and free his fancies, sinking deep in his Dungeons to gaze far above, like a rapt John Baptist.

Piano, 5:30

BY GRAHAM PECK

Like deep water, twilight,
Fusing shadows, flowing
In liquescent calm.

Slender fingers, undulating,
Dropping globules of perfect sound
On consciousness submerged.

Summer rain upon a pool.



Aeternitas

BY HOLLIS BOARDMAN HILL

IN MIDDLE AGE what opportunity there is for working one's desires, labors, and achievements into a long and winding tapestry, beautifully woven with lights and darks harmoniously blending in a central pattern if a good life, but crudely fashioned, full of lurid strands and bare patches haphazardly arranged if an ill one. And, at the time of which I write, the man whose kindly face shone in the ruddy light of the hearth fire in front of his deep plush chair belonged to such an age. His hair was shot with silver, but that vague and cruel something which we call old age had not yet touched this sturdy frame. For he was not old; he was valued for his daily work, was respected by the juniors of his corporation. He was loved.

"But she is not an ordinary girl, father; she seems, well, sort of superior to other girls I've known. It's hard to describe just what it is, but when we talk together there's something that stirs inside of me—and then I think I'm just a little sick or maybe need to rest—but what a strange feeling when I look in her eyes. Afterwards I say to myself that I'm probably just in love—truly—for the first time—not like with Maralyn or Pauline. But then I don't know—I don't think it's love. Can you understand what I mean, father? It must sound silly, I admit."

A light-haired, thin young man, still lacking a year or two of the twenty mark, spoke these words, slowly and seriously. He, too, sat before the fire, but a trifle closer and in a straight wooden chair of old colonial lines, and he was bent forward, elbows on his knees, his chin cupped in his hands; he was gazing steadily into the flickering blaze. As this youth spoke, his companion did not move in the least, but his features were lighted more strongly with a light which shone from within, as though it were stored up through many a year gone by.

The older man, who had been watching the boy, now slowly turned toward the fire. A mist which passed for a moment before his eyes faded and rolled away, and with it thirty years of life. It was the man's memory that spoke.

"I was a young fellow of sixteen or seventeen when the Great War was ten years past, a piece of history which, being too young, you see, even I cannot remember well. One summer at about this time I was employed in a local store not far from my home, and, as it happened, it fell to my lot to see often, as I went to and from the little establishment or walked about the suburban center where I lived, a girl of about my age who at first attracted my attention and then interested me greatly. I could not say just what it was that aroused my curiosity so peculiarly then, nor can I, indeed, do much better now, for this girl was not outstanding in appearance. Her face did not have those definite qualities which the observers of the time declared essential to beauty. To say that she had a smoothly perfect complexion of a slightly darker hue than the criterion of the day declared 'correct', to say that her hair was black and wavy, but a trifle coarse, that she had a pretty smiling mouth with a fine row of teeth appearing with every smile, that her eyes were friendly, sincere, deep, and dark, would be very accurate but quite inadequate. However, it may be said that her eyes contained nearly all that I find so hard to express. As I recall them one word stands out as intensely descriptive—eternal. Something seemed to lie behind, beyond those eyes, unbounded, infinite—eternal!

"Well, my son, I grew to know this person. There is no need to say just how, or by what means, or what were our first words. But the meeting was inevitable and fortunate. Some time after, it came over me how little of the embarrassment which convention sets up influenced our growing friendship. We might have been old friends becoming familiar with the happenings during a lapse of time. It did not surprise me in the least to sense the ease of manner and gracefully frank flow of words which soon became delightful to me. We talked about many things—most of them too trivial to

relate, but pleasing in their simplicity. Often conversation turned to the very fact of our acquaintance, and then it seemed that our thoughts moved side by side.

"You will ask where it was that we could talk together so easily. But that was far from difficult, as we both enjoyed walking about and observing people and places. It always seemed to me that walking was strangely conducive to easy, familiar conversation—perhaps the constant change of scene stimulates the mind. So, as time passed and I was for long periods away at school, when I returned, our acquaintance grew rapidly. We found that our family religious beliefs were not alike, but how could that matter? For could we not talk as we would? In all the history of the world some men have tried to explain their existence one way, others another. There can be no proven truth about any—how egotistical is a man if he declares that he has the one true conception of all. So we thought; we seemed to suit each other's feelings—there was no need for that conscious striving which society demands to match each other's wit or position. And yet there was in this girl something that aroused my admiration, that stirred my heart.

"We used to go to concerts together in the evening during the warm summer months, when I was busy all the day in the city. What a joy to sit beside her on the grassy bank of a broad river and listen to a great orchestra play in the mellow evening breezes which floated lazily over the water, catching the most subtle tones, products of the inspiration of a master musician, and carrying them towards the ever striving city, putting it to shame. On these occasions this girl used most often to dress in white, which seemed the perfect color for her—so soft and pure and true! And, as we listened to the music, the low, red sun would fade, making the factories and buildings of civilization drop their gray mantle of worldliness and assume their more comical, more true, more romantic rôles as dark purple silhouettes vaguely outlined in red. Then the world would lose its materialism, lose its money and its petty interests; under one infinite, ethereal cloak of darkness the aristocrats and the laborers—

sprinkled about near us forgot themselves and their classes and bowed before the universal spirit of music.

"When the concerts were over, we used to get up with the other thousands who tried to recover their former selves—working man, shop girl, executive, or 'patron of the Arts',—but were nearly defeated by that leveling power of the night into which they disappeared as though afraid to stay longer. But the long walks by the river, illuminated at spaced intervals, attracted us. For the broad river reflected in its depths the deep, dark blue of the sky pierced with stars shining steadfastly down, and lights along the bridges in the distance seemed like arched diamond necklaces with shimmering copies of them stretched across the water. Then, as we walked along, our conversation scarcely distinguishable from the hushing of the tired breeze and the timid, low, laughing gurgle of the river as it met and passed the rocky wall that bounds it, her hand would find a place in mine and nestle warm, securely there. Often she would raise her eyes to see the sky and tell me of some star or constellation; and looking into her dark upturned eyes I would see again that strange intangible, the eternal.

"Days and weeks came and went. We were occupied with our daily interests and saw each other only at scattered intervals. But one beautiful night after we had made some excursion or other together,—a concert, perhaps, it does not matter,—something happened which influenced me and our friendship tremendously. I walked home with her as was my custom, for she lived not far from my home. I remember distinctly how silent and majestic was the street where she lived as we passed together under its long, dark avenue of trees. It was beautiful but awesome, which possibly accounts for the fact that we had nothing to say. The heels of our shoes made short, staccato, almost rebelliously noisy 'clacks' on the hard pavement. We walked without touching each other; a certain indescribable feeling kept me from taking her hand. I mention these things only because in after days I have so many times thought of that night and wondered.

"Presently we stood on the porch which surrounded the front of her home. There was no living thing in sight but ourselves. There

were no lights save the high moon, which threw a cold light on the grass and trees, making all appear a silver white or a melancholy, subtle, grayish purple; and a few stars which could scarcely make themselves seen for the brilliance of the moon. It was glorious, but it made me shiver against my will. Still we had not spoken a word. We stood there side by side, at the edge of the porch which overlooked a small garden, petrified by the moonlight; she was wearing over her dress a light, creamy-white, woolen coat, and her hat was of the same color. Her slightly dark complexion enhanced the delicate features of her face and seemed fragrantly warm in the chilly air of a summer's night. We stood close, looking upwards toward the sky. I did not know then,—I do not know now,—how it happened; she turned ever so slightly towards me, and, although unconscious of any movement on my part I found her held tightly in my arms. I remember that I pressed my cheek to hers and then kissed her warm lips.

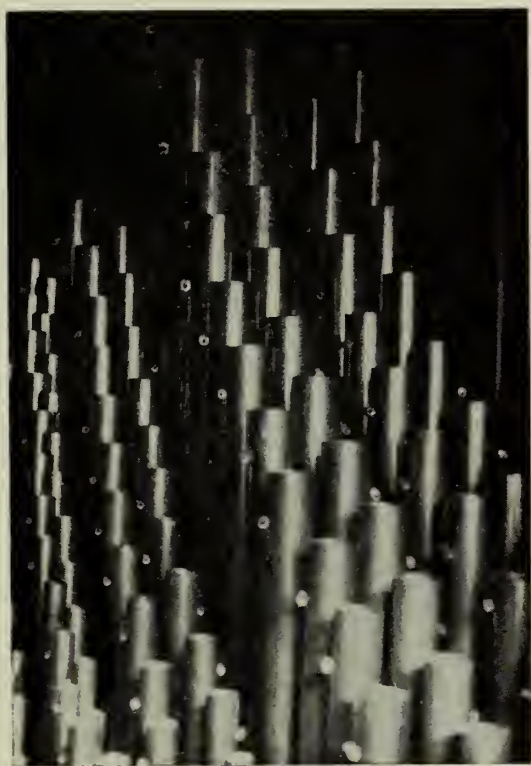
“How long we stayed there almost without moving I cannot say; it was a considerable time. It was like no other kiss I had ever had. I felt remote from time and place and mind. How I got home, after we had simply said, ‘Good night’, I have no idea. But I had the sensation of being in a dream.

“Well, son, for months I thought about this girl,—I could not take my mind from her. I recalled the little words and conversations we had had. And soon I became convinced that I loved her: the only doubt I had was about that mystic something, which seemed to lie behind her eyes, which I have described as *eternal*. It was this which mystified me; it seemed that this curious, magnetic power was not personal to her, but only a manifestation of a great limitless power which, to a small degree, may be felt in the contemplation of a glorious sunset or in the hearing of a magnificent symphony,—pure, omnipotent. In that ecstatic moment, for it seemed no longer, when I held her in my arms, I thought I understood,—I could see it clearly. But when she was gone, my doubt returned. I tried to thrust it aside; I took it for mere *personal* love. And I believed she loved me.

“Once when I was so troubled by the conflict between this doubt

and what I took to be love that I could stand it no longer, I resolved to tell her of my love and ask if she loved me—misunderstanding fool that I was! She said very little, but very tenderly gave me to understand that it could not be. At the time I did not notice the sadness which filled her face and spirit, but later it came back to me with painful vividness. She had realized that our friendship, far greater than love, had been broken when I asked for love. But, filled with self pity, I went off with but a word. A man has never been more regretful than I for my stupidity.”

The fire had burned itself into a ruddy bed of coals while the older man spoke and now was little more than ash. He got slowly up and shook himself, much like a dog who has been awakened from a dream, and said, “So you see I *do* understand what you mean, my son.” He made his way upstairs without bothering to make a light.



Is This Futility ?

BY WILLIAM LAUBACH NUTE, JR.

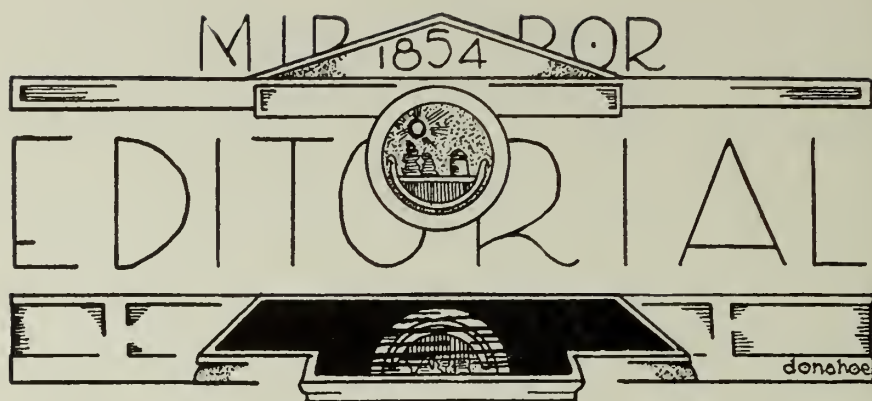
IT was a summer morning; the sun's heat poured down in waves, beating silently upon the roofs of the shabby houses, upon the cracked pavement, and upon a dirty little mudpuddle in the middle of the narrow, crooked street. Along the pavement came a lady, obviously from the better part of the town, with a basket on her arm destined for patronizing bestowal upon one of the poor families of the district. She seemed unfamiliar with the neighborhood, for as she walked, she scrutinized the numbers on the houses, an inattention to business which nearly gave her fine shoes a wetting in the puddle. Just in time she saw it and turned, snatching at her skirts with an exclamation of disgust. Then, passing down the street, she rounded a corner and disappeared. The mudpuddle was left alone in the silent, baking street.

A little boy, a ragged little boy, came running, a wooden boat, new whittled from a shingle, in his hand. Unceremoniously he squatted on the ground, intent only upon trying out his toy, and with careful hands lowered the crude caricature of a boat to the surface of the muddy water. A prod with a grimy finger, and—what joy!—it floated, leisurely and free. For some time he busied himself with his plaything, the heat forgotten in the joy of building harbors and canals with the soft mud. At last he was hailed shrilly by a woman on a doorstep some distance down the street, and reluctantly he went home to lunch. Once more the puddle was left in sultry loneliness, tranquil under the shimmering heat.

The minister from the nearby church passed slowly by, with bowed head and hands clasped behind his back. Stern with others and sterner with himself, he was discouraged: he seemed to be making no progress with the people among whom he worked; he felt that they were a rotten lot and that nothing much could be done with

them. As he passed the humble mudpuddle, his unseeing eyes chanced upon it, and he stopped, brooding. The deep blue of the sky above, flecked here and there by the whitest of clouds, lay reflected in the muddy water. It seemed to the minister that he had never seen a blue so cool nor clouds so pure. And suddenly it came to him that in this despised puddle lay the answer to his broodings. Water, the purest element in God's lovely earth, symbol of cleanliness, which is godliness, even when thus defiled could yet reflect and possess the boundless beauty of that summer sky. Might it not be even so with Man, the greatest of God's creations? The minister humbly bowed his head in simple thanks to his Master for this inspiration, then turned toward home with lifted head and lightened tread. Even as he rounded the corner, he saw an impassive street-cleaner scatter the puddle with a careless shove of his broom. The thought came to him that Man, too, lasted for but a moment, yet during that moment might have imprisoned within his soul all the beauty of the ages.





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THE boisterous winds of controversy have again begun to blow in Andover literary circles, this time on the problem of how poetry should be taught. It is a hopeful sign that English students who have appeared hitherto impervious to all stimulation from the desk have at length risen, in the classroom and out, to the defense of some six or seven divers theories as to how Euterpe's wares can best be marketed. There are many free spirits who feel that present methods tend to stifle originality and lead to the drying up of the wellsprings of inspiration. "I leave us alone," they say, "and let us decide for ourselves what good poetry is. We are tired of these nursery methods, this spoon feeding of culture." Undoubtedly there is a great deal to be said in defense of this attitude. America has taken to mass production even in education, and the resulting predigested, shredded wheat culture has led to such

monstrosities as the various book of the month clubs. When the reading of poetry becomes a mere matter of fashion or of precedent, even though that precedent be set by intelligent, cultured individuals, it ceases to be of much value to the reader. The individual should be left to the dictates of his own taste in establishing his criteria for good poetry.

There is, however, one difficulty in applying this rule to preparatory school instruction. We are faced with the fact, unfortunate perhaps, but nevertheless true, that most Andover students have no taste to so simplify matters for them. For such a taste can come only from a close examination and a thorough understanding of the principles of poetry. It is the function of an English course, through a critical study of literature, to stimulate discussion, thought, and added reading; but first it is essential that certain fundamentals be established on which to build ideas. It may seem, when teachers dwell at length upon the similes, metaphors, and alliteration to be found in *To a Skylark*, as though whatever potentialities the poem might have had are lost in vivisection. As we go on, however, it becomes more and more apparent that the final effect of a poem depends not on a vague and indefinite "atmosphere" or an indefinable "inspiration", but rather on the minutely careful construction of each phrase. When we are familiar with the details of construction, we are much better able to appreciate the composite effect. In this as in all matters there are extremes at both ends. Dogmatic assertions based on the myth that poetry can be measured by absolute slide-rule standards should find no place in the class room, but we are a little inclined to feel that were there no spoon feeding, we would have a great many cases of undernourishment on our hands.

The MIRROR is pleased to announce the establishment of the Franklin D. Snow prize of ten dollars for the best contribution to the MIRROR during the school year. It wishes to extend its deepest thanks to Mr. Snow, an Andover graduate of the class of 1915. The winner, to be announced in June, will be selected by the Publications Committee of the Faculty.

Book Reviews

"The Glory of the Nightingales"

BY EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

REVIEWED BY WILLIAM S. WALCOTT

ONCE again we meet the psychological analysis and spiritual profundity of Edwin Arlington Robinson's poetry. In his latest poem, *The Glory Of The Nightingales*, these qualities are not as well represented as they usually are. It is quite apparent that his methods adhere to a peculiar style and become tedious, while his psychological analyses are drawn out too extensively in consideration of their unsatisfactory treatment.

As usual Mr. Robinson chooses a sensational background for his poem and uses the moments of intense emotion to bring in his entangled cerebral processes. He does not want a narrative, but he strives to bring characters together dramatically so that he may remark at length on the drama. In the case of this poem the plot is singularly narrative: Nightingale in his youth had wanted Agatha for his wife, but, instead, she married his friend, Malory. Nightingale successfully invested money for the married couple, but later, through hate of Malory, he lost their entire fortune in a disaster. From the shock of this Agatha died, and Malory, now a nervous bacteriologist, starts out to get revenge on this man who has wrecked their lives. Malory finds Nightingale an invalid "in his impressive mansion by the sea", and, realizing that it would be useless to murder a man so near death, takes pity on his old friend. Nightingale tells the story

of his life, and, after leaving his entire estate to Malory that he may carry on his scientific work for the world, kills himself.

The plot seems to be laid in Hell with Nightingale playing the role of the Devil himself. We travel with Malory through the shades hearing his desire for revenge, his meditations on death, and his final resignation to fate. We seem to be taken by an evil dream and wake only to find ourselves bewildered and horrified. The weird atmosphere is sustained throughout, and only at the point when Nightingale leaves his money and home to Malory is there the least sign of natural light. This human act, which arouses us from our depressing dream, sets off the previous events and makes them seem even more terrible. There are passages which give us the impression that the plot has to do with the Lower World all through the poem, as:

“Omnipotence

Had erred enough already in fashioning
His best friend as the devil, and would surely
Grant him a word with one the devil had slain
As venomously as any snake in darkness.”

and Nightingale's words to Malory:

“I was to know,
Thoroughly, only when as a physician
As you so unprofessionally suggested,
I made a proper search and diagnosis
Of what the devil within me had been doing.
When devils have driven their stings in deep enough,
And done their work, knowledge has time to mourn.”

Even the blank verse, which Mr. Robinson uses in his long narrative poems, becomes monotonous and leads us to think it is the meter used in the nether regions.

To understand and enjoy Edwin Arlington Robinson we must make up our minds to go the full way with the author. In other

words, we must either give him our full attention or none at all. Mr. Robinson does all the talking for his characters in a roundabout way, delving at great length into a subject which we would dismiss in a few words and following each little thought to its ultimate end. This is the reason why people who do not wish to examine the souls of their fellow beings call this and practically all the rest of Mr. Robinson's works tedious.

In dealing with everyday things the author looks at them in a different light than the ordinary individual would, and brings out their true appearances in a distorted, fanciful, and at times almost amusing way. Thus in speaking of his revolver, Nightingale says:

“This thing of mine—it was not always mine—
Is educated and almost alive,
And might have speech.”

in describing Absolom's wife:

“She was not a wife;
She was a fruity sort of Cyprian fungus,
With arms and legs, the brain-pan of a chicken,
And all the morals of a pleasant monkey.”

and, in speaking of Malory's drinking, he says:

“You have lifted
Rather too much of that abused nepenthe,
Since you became a question-mark in Sharon....”

The Glory Of The Nightingales does not rise to very great heights in either its verse or its subject treatment. Although at times the lines are effective, and an even flow of rhythmical language prevails throughout the poem, Edwin Arlington Robinson has written narrative poems of better verse quality. Besides this, there is no mutual kindling of conception, while the author's imagination,

although shrewd, lacks vividness. In general the poem is a bit cold and laboured and must, therefore, be classed as one of Mr. Robinson's minor works.

The Story of San Michele

REVIEWED BY

RING W. LARDNER, JR.

A SWEDISH DOCTOR has written the story of his life, most of which took place in France and Italy. There is nothing sensational about the statement; although Dr. Axel Munthe enjoyed for some years a very wide reputation throughout Europe, few people, especially in this country, had ever heard of him until a translated version of *The Story of San Michele* was published in this country somewhat less than a year ago. Why, then, has it taken the country by storm? Why are people all over the nation reading it so that they may say they have done so and suddenly realizing that it is one of the finest pieces of literature they have ever read?

The answer to all these questions is that Dr. Munthe has undertaken and succeeded in an entirely new type of autobiography. He has dared in it to reveal not the plain bare facts so characteristic of the ordinary autobiography, but his thoughts, his dreams, his successes and his failures. He confines himself to no definite outline, but interposes at random bits of his philosophy, fascinating incidents in his medical career, and entertaining anecdotes about the quaint inhabitants of the island of Capri on which he spent years of his life. The book begins when he is a youth of about twenty, and he tells of a visit he made to Anacapri, where he was so impressed by the

beauty of the scenery and of the life there that he resolved that he would some day make it his home. At the time he was without money and could not buy the ancient but beautiful ruin which he wished to restore and live in. Throughout a large part of the book the underlying theme is his attempt to fulfil this project. In attempting to reach his goal, he leads a brilliant career as one of Europe's leading doctors. The story of this period of his life is a fascinating one; he writes with remarkable candor, speaking freely even of his mistakes and some hoaxes with which he deceived his patients.

Ultimately he obtains what he has been striving for, and with the help of the local fishermen he year by year builds up a summer home which, as he grows older, becomes a permanent one. Although the end is tragic, for he is forced to leave his home at San Michele, the book leaves one in a state of exhilaration, revelation, and satisfaction, mingled with dismay at having to leave one of the most marvelous books one has ever read.

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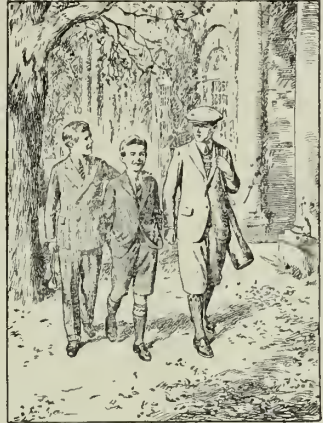
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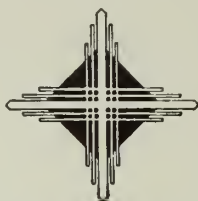
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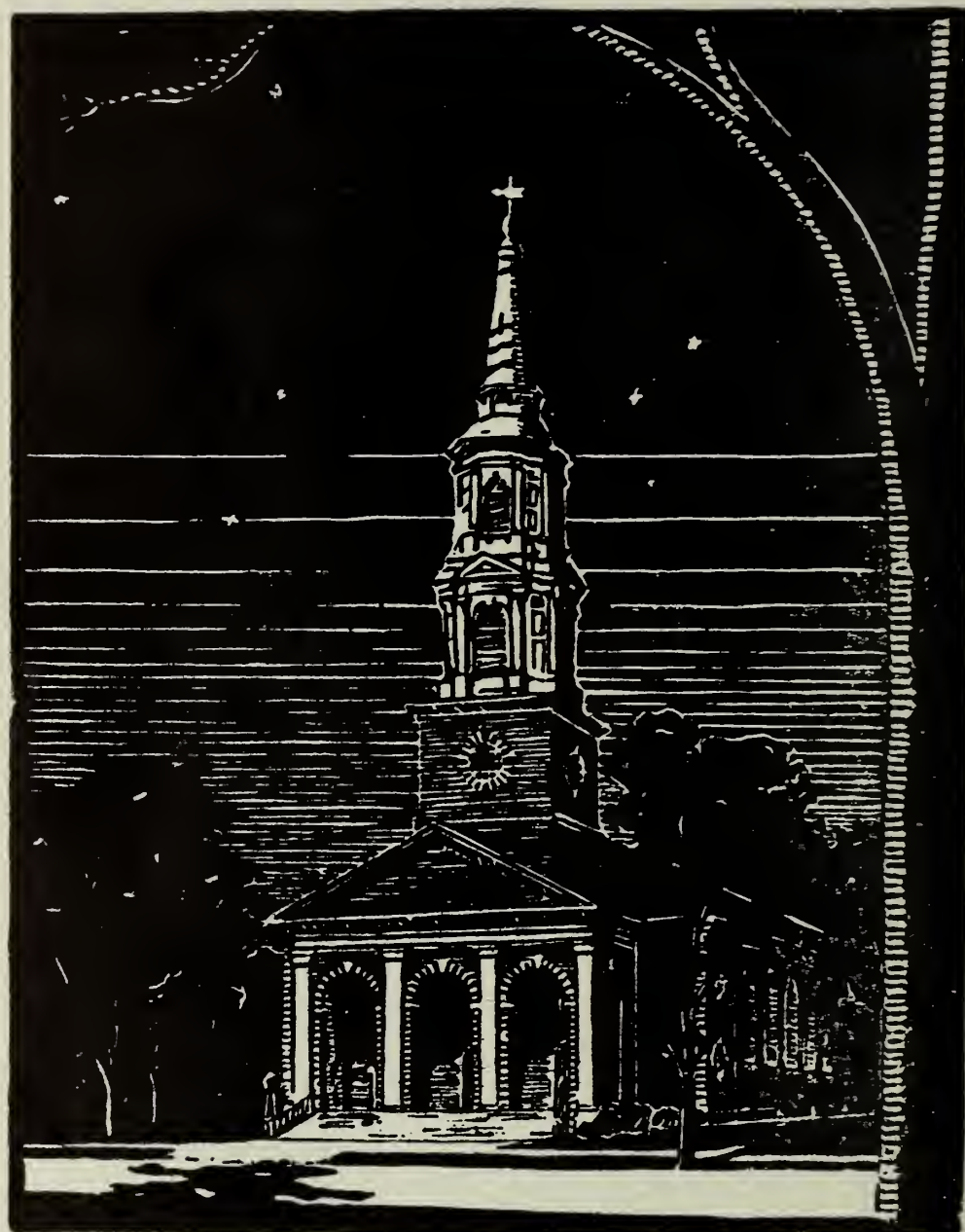
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Contents

COVER DESIGN BY ARTHUR T. LOUGEE

FRONTISPIECE—CHAPEL	4
<i>Linoleum Cut by A. Wells Peck</i>	
SCHOOLBOY CONSERVATISM—A STUDY IN INDOLENCE	
<i>by Max Franklin Millikan</i>	5
AS SEEN FROM, <i>by George S. de Mare</i>	8
CORRESPONDENT JOURNALIST, <i>by Hollis B. Hill</i>	9
TREE	13
<i>Photograph by Troman Harper</i>	
WORDSWORTH AND FROST—APOSTLES OF THE PEOPLE	
<i>by Lyman Spitzer, Jr.</i>	14
TAPESTRY, <i>by Lucius T. Wing</i>	17
MORS IN GLORIA, <i>by Wells Lewis</i>	18
A REACTIONARY'S VIEWS ON THE MARRIAGE RELATION	
<i>by Ring W. Lardner, Jr.</i>	19
ARNOLD BENNETT, HIS INFLUENCE AND PERSONALITY	
<i>by Charles Barras Swope</i>	20
TWO SKETCHES, <i>by William Laubach Nute</i>	23
CIRCE	24
<i>Illustration by Graham Peck</i>	
DEPARTURE, <i>by George S. de Mare</i>	25
EDITORIAL	26
BOOKS	
IF, OR HISTORY REWRITTEN	
<i>Reviewed by Kevin McNerney</i>	28
IMPERIAL PALACE, <i>by Arnold Bennett</i>	
<i>Reviewed by Charles Barras Swope</i>	30
THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES, <i>by Sir James Jeans</i>	
<i>Reviewed by Lyman Spitzer, Jr.</i>	31
YEARS OF GRACE, <i>by Margaret Ayer Barnes</i>	
<i>Reviewed by Ring W. Lardner, Jr.</i>	33



Schoolboy Conservatism

A Study in Indolence

BY MAX FRANKLIN MILLIKAN

IN this age of post-war debunking there are few institutions which have more plainly stamped upon them the mark of conservatism than the American preparatory school. While freethinkers are storming the battlements of the Church, socialists attacking our precious capitalism, and Harvard professors tearing our economic structure limb from limb, many of the lads of Andover continue to believe firmly in Santa Claus and the Republican Party. The mere mention of birth control or H. L. Mencken is sufficient in many groups to throw grave doubts upon the sanity of the individual concerned. If a teacher gives indications of being in sympathy with the Russian movement, the whisper goes about the campus that the poor, depraved fellow is a rabid Red and will soon be relieved of his position. The average classroom is a *sanctum sanctorum* of Civil War traditions and ideals, and the dormitory talk feast, on those rare occasions when it raises itself above the level of campus gossip, is a reiteration of ideas and principles which would warm the heart of the most staid reactionary.

There is, it is true, in all such institutions a fairly large and ever growing group of self-styled enlightened souls who go into rhapsodies over Stravinsky and James Joyce. It is highly encouraging to note that intolerance toward these independents is decidedly on the ebb. Schoolboy philosophy is becoming less and less aggressive, and the steam roller compulsion to conformity, so prominent in English school life, has, on the whole, disappeared. Nevertheless, in individual opinion the predominant note is still without doubt an unquestioning and tenacious adherence to the principles of our forebears.

So much is a matter of common observation and would appear, if not examined more closely, to be fairly reasonable and harmless.

It is when we attempt to discover what lies behind this prevailing attitude of mind, however, that we are prompted to wonder whether it may not bode evil for the future of our generation. "Why," we question some of these worthies, "do you support the doctrines of which you speak so positively? You are very possibly right, but we should like to hear both sides of the subject presented." It is then that we discover that these assertive fellow adolescents are not quite sure how they have arrived at their decisions. They are perfectly sure that they are right, but on the whole they would prefer not to discuss the matter. "But say, wasn't that a perfect hit that fellow made this afternoon?" All subsequent attempts to revive the subject are speedily and effectively quashed. Only when their principles are again attacked will they revert to such a troublesome subject to reaffirm them, and, that settled, pass to something more interesting, such as last term's French grade.

Perhaps the best method of analyzing this schoolboy trait is to trace it to its source. Most of the sons of Andover, Exeter, and Hotchkiss are the sons of sons of these institutions. Their fathers are deeply imbued with the traditions of the nineties. They have, as a whole, accumulated their share of the World's goods, have become Rotarians, and eat lunch at the Club. They are all acquainted with Buicks and Chryslers, and some of them know the joys of Dusenbergs and Rolls-Royces. In other words, they represent the great Upper Middle Class. That these men should have conservative ideals is only natural. Existing institutions have done reasonably well by them. Why should the existing order of things, obviously so eminently beneficial, be changed? Furthermore, they can and do adduce positive and often lucid arguments in defense of their attitude, which is in many cases justified.

The offspring of this strata of society, however, are placed at something of a disadvantage by their environment. As Ernest Dimnet in his book, *The Art of Thinking*, points out, until we have reached approximately our tenth year, our minds remain untrammelled by prejudice. Such thoughts and actions as we have are, as a rule, wholly fresh and original, proceeding from our own initiative.

But about the time when we are putting on our first long pants, the insidious habit of imitation begins to take hold of us. How nice it would be to be a wise grown-up like Daddy. Unconsciously we ape his tone of voice, his mannerisms, his expressions, and worst of all, as time goes on, his mental processes. He condemns government ownership and modern art, and, admiring him, we sympathize with him. He comments on the benefits of prohibition and the necessity of faith, and since he is our father, we feel he must be right. Thus we go on absorbing a vast quantity of second-hand opinions and ideas until, by the time we have reached the somewhat questionable heights of prep-school seniordom, we have a complete family philosophy thoroughly kneaded into us. We are quite prepared to state firmly how the problems of the world should be solved, and with the aid of a few of Father's best phrases we can, if we so desire, give a pretty good superficial impression that we have active minds. It is a bit disturbing to be questioned too closely, and we shy away from protracted discussion. And this is what many of us are when we graduate from Andover.

If our training has been in too direct opposition to our inherent tastes, or if our minds are naturally of a questioning disposition, we will become live, thinking individuals, stimulated the more by the revolt against home ideas. There are a few such people, not necessarily rational but at least mentally independent, in almost every school. Unfortunately, as yet, this number is none too large. Most of us continue blissfully along the easier path of inherited conservatism, and some few along the equally unfortunate road of inherited liberalism. The great danger is that once we have formed the habit of letting others do our thinking for us, we will never be able to scrape together sufficient initiative to investigate the recesses of our own minds.

We mean to hold no brief here for bomb-throwing. The situation would be equally deplorable were we all by inheritance radicals. Indeed, if there are two weaknesses in modern thought which stand out above all others, they are radicalism and conservatism; for these terms indicate habits of thought rather than intelligent thinking.

Closed minds are well-nigh as inexcusable as dead ones. What we do deeply deplore is the prevalence of borrowed opinions and inherited ideas. For schoolboy conservatism is not conservatism at all, but merely an absence of thought. Hence it should be one of the principal aims of a preparatory school education so to stimulate initiative and original mental activity that whatever elements of conservatism or radicalism appear in the final product are the result not of a lazy dependent attitude of mind, but rather of a thorough and rational process of reasoning and a final decision based upon a careful analysis of all the available evidence.

As Seen From

BY GEORGE S. DE MARE

The trees are soldiers in the moon's cold glow
Who stand tall and magnificent and straight;
The legions of the night mark time below;
Their guns shift as the purple shadows change,
While scouts creep slowly from the eastern flanks;
And when the first steel streaks show in the sky,
They present arms and wait in quiet ranks
For Dawn's pale legions to go marching by.

Correspondent Journalist

BY HOLLIS BOARDMAN HILL

TWO days ago Mrs. Mallan had remarked, as she brought up the toast and coffee at eight, that summer had “gone for good” and winter was not far off. Moreover, she added, setting the tray down with an emphatic thump which seemed to confirm any doubt she might have had, she wouldn’t be *a-tall* surprised if it were a bad one. She had noticed that every three years the winter was “extra hard”. It only made her think of the winters they used to have and the year when her husband had not returned from the banks with the others. Here Mrs. Mallan had dabbed at her eyes with the large, worn linen napkin which had come up on the tray.

Herrick, not yet really awake, but propped up by a fat feather pillow in the old maple bed, had surveyed Mrs. Mallan with a small measure of sleepy irritation. For he had been becoming increasingly conscious that this woman had a strange control over her tears, which appeared so frequently and fittingly. Furthermore, he had heard Mrs. Mallan, in other moods, refer to somebody whom he judged to be her departed mate as a “lazy, old good-for-nothing. .”

All this came to Herrick Thorpe vividly while he dressed, looking through the small gabled window out into a chilled, gray fog. Ah, this was a preface to his housekeeper’s prediction about a hard winter—and an early one he would warrant, too. So he must spend his winter in this frigid, salty, hopeless little town of Oskeag. What a clever fellow that managing editor must think himself for having decided that “Thorpe had better remain on the scene of his summer activities” and write “colorful, ‘human interest’ letters” from Oskeag!” *Oskeag*—the very name already had a new connotation for Herrick—salt codfish, fish-balls, baked beans and brown bread. And yet he could remember that at some distant time he had said to the city editor, who had always known Thorpe was peculiar, “Would

that I be thrown sometime amongst humble people who gain their daily bread with their hands, and be forced to live there, learning to love them!" The editor had felt his suspicions were not unfounded. Now Herrick's chance had come, but it was evident to him that he had not desired it to be at just that time. But if he had not wanted this, why had he cast to the winds the chance of changing the name of the finest construction steel products in the world to Thorpe, Thorpe, and Thorpe, in place of a mere Thorpe and Thorpe, Inc., and taken the road to journalism. Rather a fickle sort of immortal, this Muse, Herrick thought.

He was all dressed by now, and, since he had taken his coffee as usual in bed, he felt that it was high time to get to work. His typewriter, a portable, sat waiting on a card table near the window, a half-typed sheet hanging from it. There was nothing else to do; Herrick sat down, squared off the machine neatly with the edge of the table, and flexed his fingers ready to write. No, just a moment; he got up and lit a cigarette. This was an after breakfast habit he had developed these last four days,—all good writers had a few such. Thank heavens he had had the sense to bring a few beloved pieces of bric-a-brac down to this little sea-side hole!—such as that little Spanish glass cigarette dish. People, he had heard, sometimes withered away for the lack of some little possession to love. Once again in his chair, Herrick tapped the space key and twiddled the levers of the typewriter just to make certain that the fog had not injured its operation. All was sound; now for inspiration.

Inspiration! Herrick feared he needed more than that as he looked hopefully at the last words which stared at him and gave him the feelings that he had been presented with a stone from which he must wring water. "...and with the departure of the gay, bright-faced people of the city, the gradual flight of the white winged ships which have nestled warmly during these summer months, and the return of the weathered heroes of the sea—the fishermen—earth once more sinks back and shrouds herself in..." Such drivell! Yet he had been conceited enough to think that he could write something that would arouse interest in some desolate spirit. Perhaps

he could insert a phrase or two that would give the whole a humorous touch. Then his chief in New York would undoubtedly give it sub-titles such as, "Seaside observer finds fun in summer folks' exodus." He might as well become a tabloid reporter. And people dignified Herrick's position in life by the imaginative title, "correspondent journalist". Well, let them have their pretty names!

From the floor below arose sounds of domestic trouble. "I don't suppose I can make you go to school if you won't. . . . might think. . . . for the sake of your mother. . . . if your father were alive you wicked, wicked boy." Good Lord, was that to start again? If the boy were Herrick's, he'd let him go to sea anytime—as soon as possible. Certainly Miss Tattick did not derive great joy from considering in her grave way the possibilities of Mrs. Mallan's son as a Latin scholar. Nor could Herrick, offhand, think of anyone to whom the absence of the boy would be a severe shock. Herrick glanced out the window in an endeavor to escape the fact that not a word had been added to the sheet of paper. There was still a close, shivery fog clinging about the house. He must go out,—it might bring inspiration, or better, oblivion.

The road he unconsciously followed brought him down a little slope which on a better day would have revealed a number of small, straggly colonial cottages. No doubt, Herrick had thought, when the artist colony tired of the other side of Oskeag, some one would make a "find", and then these would be bought up and made into "darling little studios". At the foot of this diminutive hill the road bumped right into the fishing industry, Main Street, Oskeag post office, and Oskeag's general store.

Herrick entered the smoky little general store,—very smoky today because the Franklin stove in the center of the establishment was lit for the first time that fall. Although he did not know just where he was going, he felt that a bar of chocolate would help matters greatly. Three old fishermen sat about the stove, their heels on the nicked rail which encompassed it, and talked, as men of their standing should, about the sea and distant parts and recent catches. During the busy summer season the tourists and artists had

frightened them away from this spot,—and then of course they were busy, some of the time. But now they returned and took possession of the little store.

By the end of an hour's walking Herrick reached the last of the cottages where the artist colony migrated each year. He was glad to pass by them rapidly, for however cheerful they had seemed two months before, they were certainly ugly now as their weirdly painted blue, red, or green shutters appeared blurred through the heavy mist. Dressed warmly with a woolen lumber-jacket, Herrick did not feel the chilly dampness; his mind returned to the last summer's events,—the races, the artists, the girl who thought herself in love with him—all gone now.

The road turned abruptly away from civilization and ran close to the sea on its way to another little village. Herrick kept on steadfastly. He could hear the waves splashing up over the rocks a short distance away. The fog, thicker than ever, made him seem of a lone and separate world with only the tracks beneath his feet to guide him on. Inspiration would find him if he kept on, Herrick felt sure,—inspiration was supposed to do that.

Suicides occur in places like this, Herrick thought, now standing by the intermittent flashing light on the long Oskeag breakwater. Would the water seem deliciously cool and restful, a calm retreat from life if he should throw himself in? Heaven or Hell might easily be like this with that long, monotonous, dreary fog horn which sounded its low groans far away. What a world! There was something that seemed to be an all-covering shroud. Ah, he had it,—he could feel it run through his veins,—as it ought. Inspiration.

Herrick arrived at the little colonial house breathless. His chocolate was eaten. Mrs. Mallan let him in, a subdued son eating baked beans and brown bread in the distance. Herrick made his way to his room, consumed a bowl of cold cereal and milk, and sat down to the typewriter. He read again "earth once more sinks back and shrouds herself in. . . ." He thought a moment. What was it? Ah! He moved his fingers over the keys and wrote "fog"

and put a period. Quickly Herrick Thorpe arose, sealed this sheet of paper in an envelope, and addressed it to New York. He ripped off his clothes, climbed into bed, and was soon asleep, a weary correspondent journalist!



Wordsworth and Frost

Apostles of the People

BY LYMAN SPITZER, JR.

ROBERT FROST, the poet laureate *par excellence* of the New England farm, has in several ways much in common with that earlier rustic bard, William Wordsworth. Each of the two developed in his own way his own original theory of poetic construction; yet the ideas of each bear a striking resemblance to those of the other. The two poets were quite similar in personality. William Wordsworth vegetated in his quiet English farm, quite out of touch with the main intellectual currents of the day, and ground out poem after poem, some good, others unbelievably poor. Frost, although more leisurely and less irregular than his English prototype, meditates the Muse on a small New Hampshire farm, in close sympathy not with the giant, industrialized city of our time, but with his peaceful New England countryside.

This similarity in character between the two men is inevitably reflected in their poetry. The ambition of Wordsworth was to write in the language of the people. He was not always, to be sure, consistent with his principles; some of his best works, in fact, are those which certainly do not abound in the idioms of the hangman or the clown of that time. Frost goes Wordsworth one better,—not only is he by his own declaration an “anti-vocabularian”, but he even writes in the natural cadence of the New England farmer. His definition of poetry is “a reproduction of the tones of actual speech.” As is almost always the case, consistency is not maintained with either of these principles. In *The Trial by Existence* he heaps together in a single poem such words as “dissemble”, “asphodel”, and “obscuration”, words which would hardly be found in the common language of the masses. His other precept of poetry is violated in *Reluctance*, where amphibrachs are used to form the predominant

meter pattern; amphibrachs, effective though in certain instances they may be, are plainly not found to any noticeable degree in modern speech.

This inconsistency is, unfortunately, less prominent in Frost than in Wordsworth. The English poet, with a greater range than the American now possesses, could at times entirely desert his principles and write such a lofty and stately sonnet as *England and Switzerland*. This Frost is unable to do. His descriptions of nature, although rather well-done when the theme is comparatively simple, fail badly when they attempt something on a grander scale. In his recent poem, *Once by the Pacific*, the strangely compelling effect of a noble sentiment, treated in a conventionally dignified manner, is utterly ruined by the introduction of such an element of bathos as, "The sand was lucky in being backed by cliff." When Frost thus combines the spirit of free verse with the form of a classicist, the result is plainly most unfortunate.

A very marked difference between the two poets is in their use of melody. The meter of Wordsworth's poems is ever smooth-flowing and pleasing to the ear. Frost, on the other hand, although he at times, as in parts of *A Boundless Moment*, produces real poetic harmony, writes, as a rule, verse which is more harsh in tone; while undeniably true to life, it does not achieve any marked degree of melody. Since the poetry of Robert Frost must be a reproduction of the tones of the human voice, and since natural unrestrained human speech is, for the most part, quite discordant, his works are, with but few exceptions, not melodious.

The general lack of any strong compelling emotion is probably the most significant feature in the poetry of Robert Frost. Like Wordsworth, Frost's life has been a comparatively simple rural existence with few great adventures. Like Wordsworth, then, his emotion rarely soars to great heights. Frost, however, shows this characteristic more than does the Englishman. For Wordsworth, although not plunged into the deep melancholy of Shelley or Keats, appeared much afflicted by the great moral disintegration that London to him represented. The poems of Frost, on the other hand, are

almost never purely lyrical. Although a single lyrical flame may arise here and there from the main body of the poem, the emotion is almost never sufficiently strong to give rise to some fervent literary composition. Frost himself says, "Inspiration lies in the clean and wholesome life of the ordinary man." Since the great emotional poems of the past, however, have in almost every case been written by those whom great sorrows have provoked to great emotional heights, this statement of Frost's shows only that he has himself rarely experienced any lasting ardent emotion.

It is to the fame of Frost that when he adheres to his poetic principles he produces, unlike Wordsworth, a work that comes very near greatness. He once told his English class to write on subjects "common in experience, but uncommon in writing," thus adding to commonness of words and meter, commonness of theme. Although Wordsworth, working along somewhat similar lines, balanced *The Solitary Reaper* with such a frightful miscarriage as *Simon Lee*, the poetry of Frost never sinks below a certain high level. When he writes on subjects common to his own personal experience, such as New England life and New England atmosphere, he treats them with his own inimitable style and produces what are, in their own way, masterpieces.

In accordance with Frost's desire to imitate the natural tones of the human voice, his poems are, for the most part, in dialogue. The ordinary phraseology of the common throng, out of place though it may seem in a descriptive passage, adds an atmosphere of reality when inserted as a direct quotation from some native of the New England countryside. Dialogue is a thing which Wordsworth never attempted; it is in all probability the best way to make effective in poetry the use of simple, common language.

With this simplicity and realism which mark his representations of native life, Frost combines an inborn sense of the dramatic. In his narrative poems his plots always lead to a sudden and conclusive climax. In *The Fear* and *The Death of the Hired Man*, for instance, not only are certain aspects of New England life well portrayed, but a certain highly interesting suspense is at the same time maintained.

This dramatic instinct, a quality of which Wordsworth had little conception, is an important characteristic of Robert Frost, and adds an indefinable fascination to certain of his poems.

As an exponent of the simple, Frost is the more successful of the two poets. He uses the phraseology and the meter of the people in a manner more effective than ever Wordsworth had at his command. The earlier poet, owing to his works on more elevated themes and on a more melodious plane, is with little doubt the better and the more enduring poet of the two. As the personification, however, of native New England culture, as the poet of common language and common themes, Robert Frost has never been surpassed.

Tapestry

BY LUCIUS T. WING

A dwelling piled of many-storied clay
 Stands in the marbled desert. One great room
 Bulks topmost o'er; within, 'tis like the tomb:
Its walls resist the intensest pow'r of day,
But for one aperture, that lets a ray
 Seep through illumined dust-motes to a loom
 Where the aged Zuñi, cross-legged in the gloom,
At random plies his weft in patterns gay.

And so, for all its glory, you will find
 Your living brain all lustreless and dull,
Save where the senses' window floods the mind
 With intermittent flashes through the skull.
 Blind Nature, though she weave a tale of pain
 And eons' strife, draws splendor from her skein.

Mors in Gloria

BY WELLS LEWIS

THE old General lay dying. Around him stood the aides, colonels, majors whom he had commanded for so long. Also there were a number of new officers, part of the staff of his successor.

As he lay in the great oaken bed, his long, pale hands stretched across the coverlet, he was somehow uneasy. His life had been a glorious one, victories, gallant defeats, and honors. A soldier's life supreme. And yet he was unhappy.

All of the officers who stood around his bed were grave and respectful, but not sad. To them it was just an occasion. All, I say, but one. This one was Jean, the General's body-servant, who stood silently at the head of the bed. A man of the people was this Jean, who, by his bravery, devotion, and understanding, had risen to the post of personal attendant to the General. He, too, felt there was something missing. After a while he wandered down to the servant's hall. There he found great excitement. The Emperor and all his guard would pass by the road in front of the General's house on his way to the palace.

Inspiration siezed the old attendant. Quietly but quickly he went to the General and asked him if he would not sit out on his balcony for a while. It was drizzling lightly, and the General peevishly demanded why he should be moved. But Jean insisted, and finally the General gave in, grumbling all the while, and allowed himself to be placed in a chair, covered with a coat, and wheeled out to the broad stone balcony.

He sat there, cold and wet, for quite a while. He sat very still. Jean looked up and down the gray road anxiously.

Suddenly golden trumpets sounded far off and the beat of many hoofs. A faint sun broke through the sky.

The General sat up erect. Then out of the distance appeared

thousands and thousands of horsemen, and at their head was a little man on a great white horse.

The General stood up and the soldiers huzzahed and the Emperor, his Emperor, smiled and saluted.

The General fell back into his cushions, a happy smile on his face.

A Reactionary's Views on the Marriage Relation

BY RING LARDNER, JR.

Our study of the ancients proved
That in those days, when it behooved
A man to take himself a mate,
He left the choice of her to fate;
The first wench he saw of figure fair
He seized—quite often by the hair.

This seems to me a sex relation
That would be suited to our nation.
Less pomp about the marriage ties
Would help attempts to civilize
Ourselves. The home is Woman's place
Provided she be fair of face.

A man should merely have to choose,
As he does his ties and hats and shoes,
Should specify the quantity
And have them sent up C. O. D.
This changed, the problem would be solved;
For our sex life is too involved.

Arnold Bennett

His Influence and Personality

BY CHARLES BARRAS SWOPE

THE Five Towns of England, made famous by the novels of Arnold Bennett, are probably the five dirtiest cities of the civilized world. Pittsburgh on its rainiest and mistiest winter afternoon, when smoke and coal dust are thickest, is pleasant compared to Hanley and Tunstall when their factories are at a comparative state of rest. The most plenteous element is smoke. Heterogeneous factories,—for which that district southeast of Liverpool is so noted,—belch out unceasingly huge rolls of vaporous black smoke, which settles over the adjacent district in the form of an opaque mist. The streets and sidewalks too, under the influence of this mist, have assumed a cold grayness to augment its dreary effect. The houses, exact reproductions of each other, are painted a shabby, livid gray; and, being built in symmetrical rows which extend interminably along both sides of the street, they appear to one in the middle of the thoroughfare to be two long gray walls. The squalor and monotonous dreariness seems to have affected the people, too; dressed in greasy working clothes, they slump along, with their heads hung from crouched shoulders in dejection. The impression one receives from the Five Towns is, in short, a realization of the existence of a perfect blend of squalor and monotony.

From these towns, from these people, emerged a great novelist, Arnold Bennett; and it was at a time when, according to a Londoner, the greatest achievement for which a literary aspirant such as Arnold Bennett could hope was the position of solicitor's clerk; and as for his ever entering any society of London,—why, such a thing was unheard of! But Arnold Bennett surprised the specious, contumelious Londoners. He succeeded not merely in invading the most esoteric class of London society, but he became the most conspicuous and

most prominent figure in it. At first asked to only some functions which were more or less insignificant, in the last ten years of his life he was overwhelmed with invitations to the most important ones, because then no important social function was complete in his absence; and stranger yet, he accepted almost every one. Rebecca West once said that the best way to meet Arnold Bennett was to attend a public function, rather than make an appointment with him. He was undoubtedly the most ubiquitous personage of all London society.

It is perfectly obvious that Arnold Bennett was of necessity an extraordinary man to have fitted in so perfectly with London society. Prominence and a good reputation in literary circles are always an attraction to supercilious society; but for the possessors of such qualifications there is usually a third requisite, personality. Arnold Bennett possessed the first two attractions to the fullest degree; but he had something better than the requisite; he had a magnetic personal fascination. He was a charming conversationalist, who could hold a group,—which seemed always to surround him at every party,—spell-bound by his flow of interesting talk; through his conversational powers alone he could make any party a success. With such qualifications as these, no man who is so inclined,—as Arnold Bennett certainly was,—can fail to gain a high position in the social realm.

From his social activity we can learn two things concerning Bennett: his prestige, which has already been discussed, and his colossal energy. He was reputed to write approximately 10,000 words a day; and he boasted that every day he could meet his social engagements in spite of their number, perform his journalistic and literary duties, enjoy his hour of exercise, and get seven hours of sleep. Like Roosevelt, he knew the value of time, and through punctuality and innate energy he made use of every second of it. These qualities of habit and character were obviously the direct course of his prolificacy, for which he has become so famous.

Hence we can realize Arnold Bennett's prominence socially. But just what is his position in the literary world? The most honest and most laconic answer to this question is that his position is un-

certain. Some critics maintain that Arnold Bennett is a genius; others are of the opinion that he is an evanescent author whose works will pass into complete obscurity in the course of the next twenty years. Stuart P. Sherman, renowned contemporary essayist, has rated Bennett as a producer of masterpieces; the *Literary Digest*, on the other hand, has styled him, "not an author, but a 'writing man'." The opinions of Darton, also an essayist, and of Rebecca West, connoisseur of Bennett and his works, offer another curious contrast of opinions as to Bennett's category as an author. Miss West described him as "undoubtedly great"; while Darton considers him as a writer whose novels lack the necessary philosophy and imagination of a masterpiece. Hence the equivocality of his position as an author is obvious.

Most criticisms of Arnold Bennett involve objections to his materialism, to his over-developed technique, and to the sheer superficiality of his earlier journalism and plays. He naively admitted in his *Truth About An Author* that he had written most of his initial works merely to please the superficial public. The second criticism, however, is most just; often he developed the initial incident of his novels so fastidiously that the remainder of the book could offer only an anti-climax. Whether his materialism is a deficiency or an asset in his novels depends wholly upon the taste of the reader. One fact concerning it, however, must be admitted,—he portrays his materialism most vividly and artistically.

As we glance over the innumerable volumes of Bennett's works, which ones, if any, will live? Prolific author that he was, Arnold Bennett could not easily have evaded writing a certain amount of drivel. Most of his plays, all his fantastic serials, his early journalism, almost disgrace the art which he displayed in his Clayhanger trilogy. Five of his novels, *The Old Wives' Tale*, *Imperial Palace*, the Clayhanger trilogy, are, however, extraordinary productions, which reveal Bennett at his best. Materialistic philosophy, technique not too fastidiously developed, subtle character analysis, make them delightful entertainment for any reader. Because Bennett's ultimate object was to depict frankly, yet picturesquely, materialism, his works should be criticized on a basis of the degree of perfection with which he accomplished the portrayal. Whether or not he achieved this degree of perfection, however, only time and posterity can decide.

Two Sketches

BY WILLIAM LAUBACH NUTE

IT was night in the cemetery. In the distance, a thin, luminous veil, a fine cloud illuminated by the lights of the town below, floated low over the valley. The town was like a little clump of frozen stars in the midst of the vast night. Immediately before me a broad, white, snowy aisle sloped gently down the hill between the indistinct rows of shadowy gravestones, while a row of gaunt, lacy trees diminished in perspective into the darkness below. To the right, a single lamp, like some great frozen eye, glared calmly, coldly, unblinkingly. To the left, Samuel Phillips Hall loomed blackly, surmounted by the great blue clock face, shining far and wide. A tattered flag on a grave stirred idly in a light breath, and, save for that, the whole scene, the whole earth, seemed utterly motionless, lapped in the vast stillness of the frozen night.

* * * * *

The little mountain brook, covered with deep shade, tumbled and slid murmuringly around moss-matted stones and half-rotted tree-skeletons. Just before it dropped into the river at the bottom of the gorge, it passed through a veritable fairyland of mossy terraces and cataracts, a symphony in green and silver, shaded by over-arching sycamores and rock ledges slimy with the trickle of centuries. Here and there yawned caves, or cracks between the rocks, floored by pools of clear, icy water through which the brook glistened with limpid distinctness. Splotches of bright green, where the summer sun, penetrating to the bottom of the gorge, bathed with lightsome leafy branch, contrasted beautifully with the deeper and more sombre hue of the moss-grown caverns.



Departure

BY GEORGE S. DE MARE

What shall they say of me when I have died?
And my slow hard-worked sun has set?
 Just say he left Earth with regret.

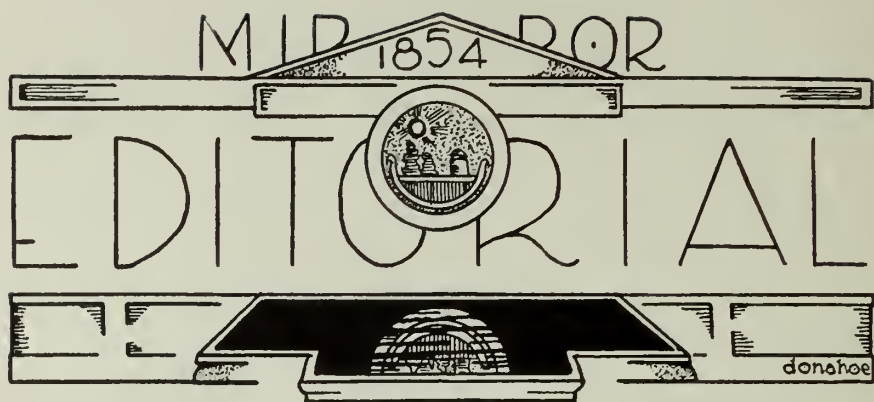
What shall they tell of me when I have gone?
Why, when the new shoots rise in summer bowers,
 Just say he noticed flowers.

And when that certain whisper comes from grass
And something stirs within the moonlit leaves,
 Just say he grieves—

He used to rather like those mysteries:
The rustle of the treetops, women's eyes,
The starlit splendor of midsummer skies;
 He noticed these.

And now he is not here to see pale moons
And now he cannot know of summer days;
 A thousand Mays pass by,
 A thousand Junes

What shall they say of me when I have died?
Just say when music cries and stars have set,
 He left Earth with regret
 He left Earth with regret.



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THE difficulties of editorial writing are diminished about one half for the MIRROR editor who adheres strictly to precedent. He really only has to rack his brain about twice a year for something startlingly original to say. It is a simple matter to fill up two pages in the first issue with a warm welcome and a sincere hope that readers will like the magazine, and to top off the year with a fond farewell and a sincere hope that they have liked it. The procedure reminds one somewhat of Robert Benchley's delightful Typical Letter which begins with three pages of apology for not writing sooner and closes with three pages of explanation as to why the letter must be brought to a close.

While we should hate to appear lacking in originality, yet the past year has been in many ways an especially significant one, and

should not be brought to a close without some mention of the tendencies which it has disclosed. There has been much doubt expressed among the faculty and the student body as to just what place the MIRROR has in school life. We have heard the opinion expressed on many sides that it is a wholly superfluous institution and should be promptly abandoned. The purpose of the publication as expressed in an editorial in the first issue last year is "to stimulate the students of Phillips Academy to distinctive achievement in the literary and graphic arts and to serve as a medium through which such achievement may be made known to those who are interested." If it has succeeded to any reasonable degree in carrying out this purpose, it has thoroughly justified its existence. We decided a short time ago that this point must be settled once and for all, and hence began an investigation to discover just how much stimulation the MIRROR has given to literary endeavor. The results are very encouraging. Last year somewhere between three-fourths and four-fifths of all contributions received had to be wheedled out of the hands of the English teachers. This year we find that out of a total of one hundred and twenty-seven contributions only thirteen were written for English assignments, the remaining ones being handed in voluntarily directly from the student body. It was found, furthermore, that the voluntary contributions were of a sufficiently high quality so that it was unnecessary to print a single English theme during the course of the year. Although the general grade of the work in this year's issues may, for this reason, have been somewhat below last year's standard, we feel that this change indicates a considerable rise in interest in things literary. When a tenth of the student body contributes to such a publication as this, those of us who have been tempted upon various and sundry occasions to throw up the sponge, take heart and hopefully return to correcting copy.

Having made which impassioned plea for existence, the MIRROR rests its case until another year shall call it to the witness stand.

Book Reviews

"If, or History Rewritten"

REVIEWED BY KEVIN MCINERNEY

THERE is a common and, on the whole, a rather well-founded conviction that when any body of men of high repute in their field decide to pool their talents and write a symposium, the magnitude of the work produced is inversely proportional to the reputations of the men concerned. "If", however, constitutes an exception to this rule, for it is one symposium that certainly does not "Wickersham". Perhaps the cause of this phenomenon lies in the fact that the essayists contributing to the collection seem to have been allowed the greatest freedom both in choice of subject and method of treatment. Each has chosen the incident or crisis in history concerning which he is best able to write and the style of treatment which best suits his theme. The effect of this is to preclude the tedium of similarity, and also to reveal some very interesting differences of opinion among the co-authors.

The first and probably the poorest essay in the volume is Philip Guedalla's "If the Moors in Spain Had Won", wherein the author seems to have quite forgotten that the subtitle of the book is *History Rewritten*. Certain it is that he "cracks the wind" of the little word "if" unmercifully. The next is "If Don John of Austria Had Married Mary Queen of Scots" by that valiant polemic and witty propounder of paradoxes, Gilbert K. Chesterton. Mr. Chesterton has chosen what appears to be a possible turn of affairs and pursues it with a deftness that does credit to even so accomplished an essayist. Here one encounters the first evidence of the striking differences of opinion to which I have already alluded. Mr. Chesterton states that it is individuals and not blind causes that determine the course of history, whereas Mr. Guedalla asserts that mere persons cannot alter the onward flow of events. These two *obiter dictae* alone offer an almost unlimited field for discussion.

The third essay is one by Hendrik Willem Van Loon, entitled "If the Dutch Had Kept Nieuw Amsterdam", and a very able one it is. The author executes a master-stroke in visualizing New Amsterdam as the dispensing center of beer for the Prohibition-blest country. A reviewer with a less Rhadamanthine impartiality might perhaps concede the palm to Mr. Van Loon on this feature alone, but one must admit that he does stretch the thread of possibility a bit too thin and therefore pass it over with a long and fervent "*Utinam!*"

"If Louis XVI Had Had an Atom of Firmness" is the title of the contribution of André Maurois. While the subject is handled with the skill we have come to expect from Mr. Maurois, we cannot help thinking that he is trying to make the best of a bad thing. The theme itself is not provocative enough of interest. The essays that stir our imaginations the most are those based upon some small and seemingly trivial incident. Hilaire Belloc's contribution, which directly follows that of Maurois and is written upon a kindred subject, furnishes us with an illustration of this fact. The title of this essay reads "If Drouet's Cart Had Stuck". It depicts what might have happened if a certain disgruntled peasant named Drouet had not placed a cart in the way of the coach which held the fleeing family of Louis XVI, thus frustrating their escape. The apparent unimportance and ineffectuality of the act on the one hand, and the tremendous consequences of it on the other, immediately engross one and contribute to make it what is, to my mind, the best essay in the volume.

Following this is a rather mediocre one by H. A. L. Fisher called "If Napoleon Had Escaped to America", and one by Harold Nicolson, "If Byron Had Become King of Greece". The latter essay is adequately if not interestingly written, but one cannot but think that Maurois, with his wide familiarity with the figure of Byron, could have written a better one.

Winston Churchill's "If Lee Had Not Won the Battle of Gettysburg" is another admirable instance of the art of choosing a challenging and provocative title. Mr. Churchill, like a true politician,

dilates on the somewhat farfetched theme of an alliance between England and the United States.

Following this are two very creditable "Ifs", by Milton Waldman and Emil Ludwig, the respective subjects being "If Booth Had Missed Lincoln" and "If the Emperor Frederick Had Not Had Cancer". The last essay in the book is that of the editor, J. C. Squires, and is entitled "If It Had Been Discovered in 1930 that Bacon Really Did Write Shakespeare". The style of this is lighter and more humorous than that of the others, and as such provides a kind of pleasant relief. However, this tone of jocularly would undoubtedly grow tiresome in a book of such length, and would lessen the interest and the worth which the collection, as it is, possesses.

Imperial Palace

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

REVIEWED BY CHARLES BARRAS SWOPE

ONE of Arnold Bennett's chief delights was to construct a story around a palatial hotel, and *Imperial Palace* is a manifestation of that delight. Four characters, delightfully depicted, comprise the substance of the story: Evelyn Orcham, taciturn director of the Imperial Palace; Sir Henry Savott, pleasure hotel magnate; Gracie Savott, sophisticated daughter of Sir Henry; and Violet Fowler, efficient head housekeeper of the Palace. Evelyn Orcham, responsible for the popularity and success of the Palace, through a prodigious hotel merger with Sir Henry Savott, becomes the director of the chain of the most important pleasure hotels of Europe. Two love affairs take place in the story: one in which Gracie Savott breaks down Orcham's taciturnity; the other,—somewhat later,—which results in Orcham's marrying the head housekeeper.

Imperial Palace contains approximately seven hundred and fifty pages, from which at least two hundred could be omitted by any undergraduate reader without noticeable loss. Bennett had a weakness for describing business conferences and restaurants too

fully; although they are not vapid, they are not particularly interesting to any reader. Like Dr. Johnson, Bennett is guilty of putting into the mouths of housekeepers, waiters, and bell boys, the words of an Oxford English professor, and often his conversation with the various members of his "staff" seems ludicrous. To balance these two defects, however, Arnold Bennett has made another of his extraordinary characterizations. Although she is present in only a few chapters of the book, Gracie Savott is characterized perfectly by a few details of conversation, by her diversions, by her own idiosyncrasies. Then just when we least expect her she appears again, and in three days' time has the austere Orham madly in love with her. These three chapters alone are worth the time spent in reading the whole book, since in them is manifested one of the most important of all Bennett's good qualities as an author. He is renowned for being able to portray a character best with the use of very little actual description; and with Gracie Savott he has done this perfectly.

The Stars in their Courses

BY SIR JAMES H. JEANS

REVIEWED BY LYMAN SPITZER, JR.

"IF at first you don't succeed, try, try again," is evidently the motto of Sir James H. Jeans, eminent British astronomer, popularly known for his expositions of modern sciences. For since his last literary endeavor, *The Mysterious Universe*, presenting the new and highly complicated theories in an exceptionally lucid manner, was raked over the coals for its philosophic phantasmagoria, Jeans has brought forth another work, *The Stars in their Courses*, dealing with the same subjects that *The Universe Around Us* and *The Mysterious Universe* so amply covered.

This recent book, it is true, differs from his previous attempts both in treatment and in purpose. It contains nothing new nor startling. It is written, furthermore, for the intelligence of a six-year old, and as an explanation of the present findings of astronomy to

the most ignorant layman it is highly successful. It is different, too, in the numerous star maps, constellation lists, and appendices which he has added to make the volume more useful to even those with absolutely no conception of twentieth-century astronomy. For his apt explanations and comparisons to explain modern scientific discoveries, Sir James Jeans is without a peer. As usual he states his own theories on such matters as stellar evolution as fundamental truth, naturally leading to misunderstanding. But, on the whole, as an exposition of certain phases of modern astronomy it is quite worthy of praise.

The entire volume, however, is dogmatically non-mathematical in tone and, except for a rather short and very superficial treatment of Einstein, unrepresentative of the newer hypotheses of the heavenly sciences. With his undeniable scientific knowledge and his ability for clarification of the most obtuse conceptions, Jeans should devote his talents to higher things than an elementary astronomy textbook, particularly when he has already covered the same field in previous works. Any partially educated adolescent can explain the orbit of Mars to a schoolboy; it is the task of a genius to shed light on Einstein so that the multitude may listen and understand. Only as an intelligent compendium of the material findings of modern astronomy is *The Stars in Their Courses* of any value.

Years of Grace

BY MARGARET AYER BARNES

REVIEWED BY RING LARDNER, JR.

IT was because of the strong recommendation of friends, the selection of it as the Pulitzer Prize novel of the year, and the immense sale of the book all over the country that I read *Years of Grace*. Under these conditions almost any book would prove disappointing. And I was just a trifle disappointed. I had expected a great novel, and I found only an enjoyable one. There are too many inconsistencies in *Years of Grace* for it to be great. The con-

versation is occasionally stilted, and the quality of the writing varies in the different parts of the book. The theme of the novel is the contrast between the "Gay Nineties" and our dissolute times. Which contrast seems to be summed up in this essential difference: in the nineties a girl's first engagement was broken off because she was too young; then she married someone else and lived happily ever after. Nowadays, however, she marries her first fiancé and has to get a divorce before she can start on the road to happiness. None of which prevents it from being the most enjoyable novel of the year, not the greatest.

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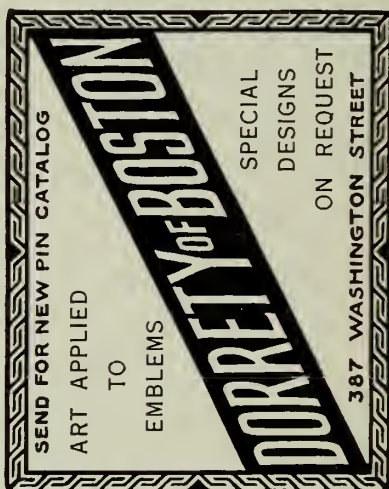
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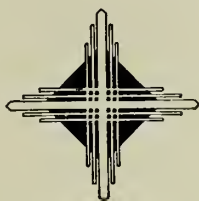
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